BIBLE TEMPERANCE HYMNS.

hoice collection of Songs adapted to the present phase of the Temperance Work, Sunday-Schools, Prayer Meetings, and the Home Circle.

BY

J. MERRITTE DRIVER.

1878

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A choice collection of Songs adapted to the present phase of the Temperance Work, Sunday-Schools, Prayer Meetings, and the Home Circle.

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DEDICATION.

TO Doctor Henry Reynolds, Francis Murphy, Thos. L. Noble, M. Lanigan, Thomas Hornbrook, J. C. Bontecou, John A. Drew, Rev. C. E. Page, and the many other noble workers who have willingly and most cheerfully consecrated their lives to the reformation of their fellow beings, this book is most respectfully inscribed.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THIS collection has been prepared to supply a need keenly felt by those engaged in the Temperance work, both in the Club and Lodge room, and where "shot and shell were thickest."

Most of the pieces are now for the first time presented to the public, and there is not a single piece included for the mere purpose of "filling up." It has been the aim of the Author to point those struggling in the thralldom of Intemperance to Him "who turneth not away," and who is able and willing to break the shackles of the hydra-headed monster.

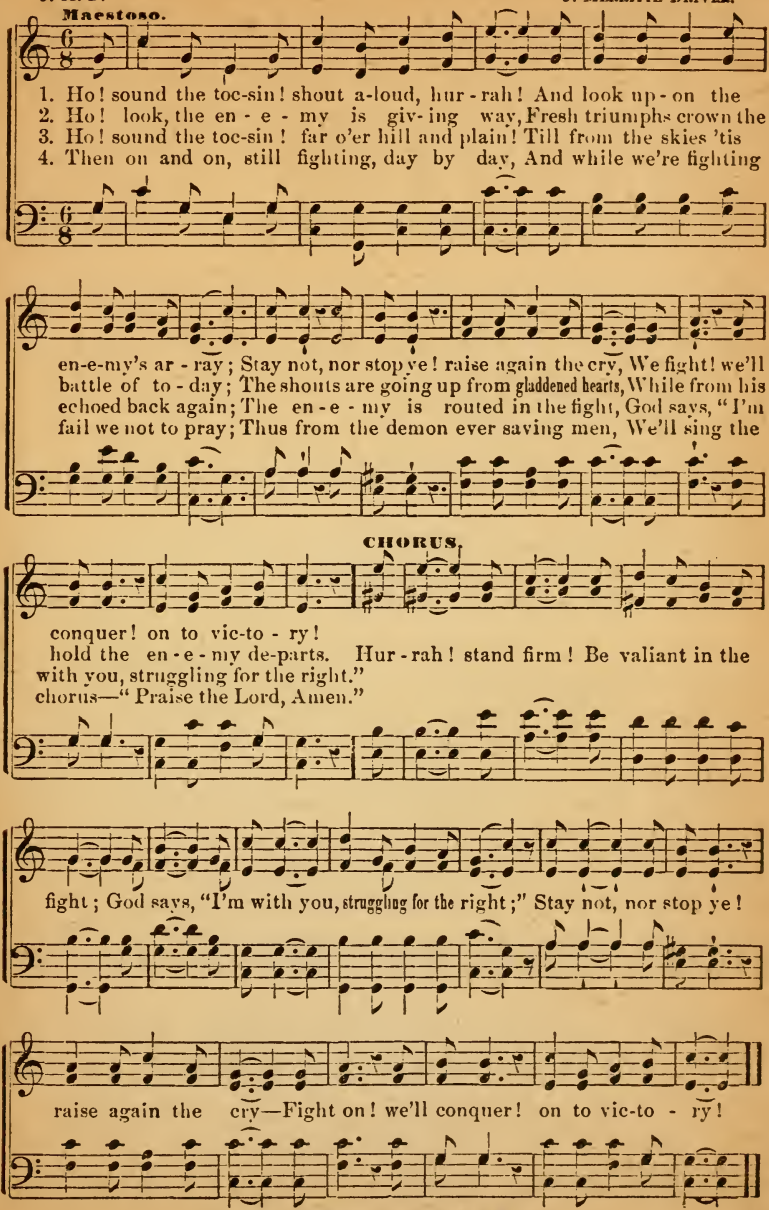
With the hope that my labors may, in some degree, aid in the great work of freeing souls from this giant monster, and be instrumental in leading many who are weary and heavy-laden to the dear Redeemer, I commend to the workers, to those struggling for deliverence, and to the Christian people every-where, this collection of "Bible Temperance Hymns for the Camp and Battlefield."

J. MERRITTE DRIVER.

No. 1. Ho! Sound the Tocsin.

J. M. D. J. MERRITTE DRIVER.

Maestoso.



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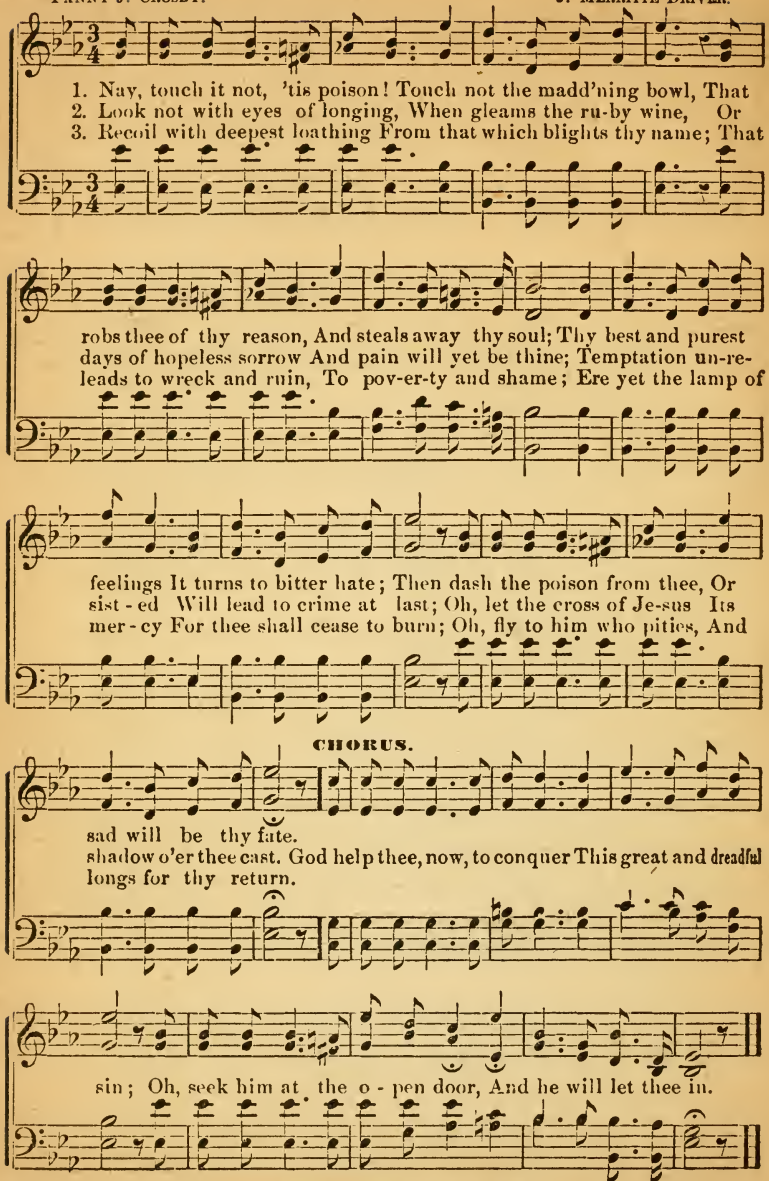
No. 2. God Help Thee Now to Conquer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. MERRITTE DRIVER.



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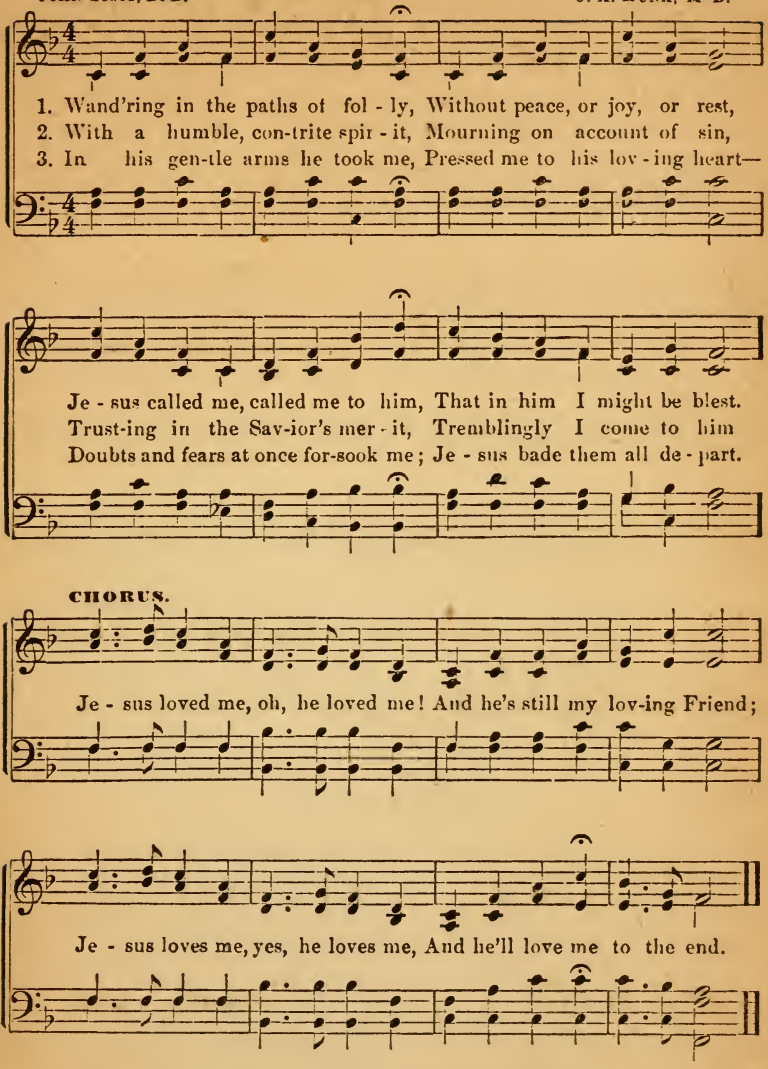
No. 3. Jesus Loved Me.

JOHN SCOTT, D. D. J. A. MUNK, M D.



4 Great the joy his favor gives me,
Sweet the peace his love inspires,
Thrilling all my heart with gladness,
Filling all its vast desires. *Cho.*

5 Trusting in the Savior's merit,
Clinging to his cross alone,
Passing through the vale of shadows,
I shall dwell with him at home. *Cho.*

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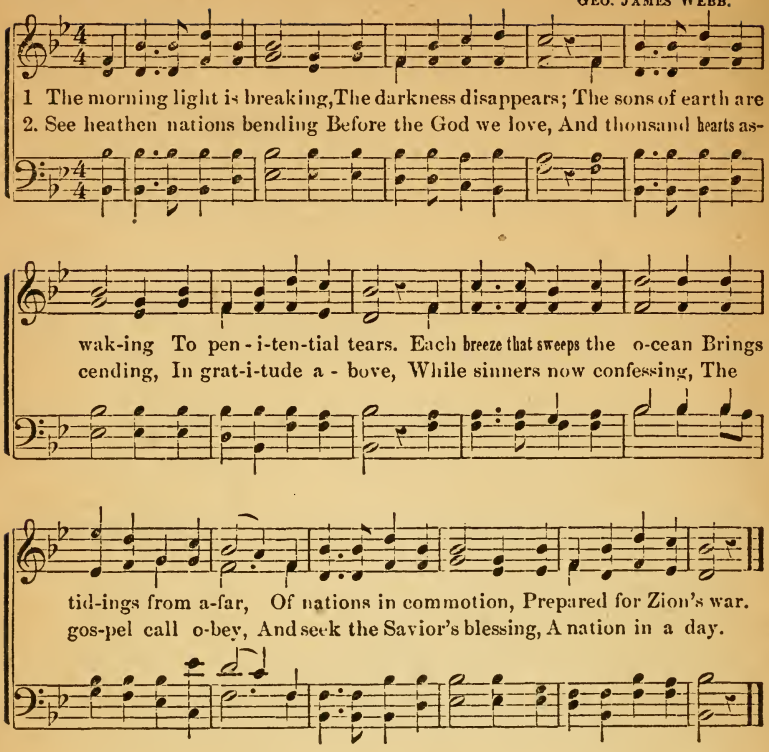
No. 4. Webb.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.



No. 5. The Temperance Band.

TUNE.—*Webb.*

1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

4 Soon will a brighter morrow
Succeed this pleasant day,
When drink and sin and sorrow
Shall fly far, far away;
Then let us swell the chorus,
And sweeter anthems raise,
While angels bending o'er us,
Shall join in holy praise.

No. 6. Cold Water is our Motto.

TUNE.—*Webb.*

1 Come, swell the ranks of temp'rance,
Let him that heareth come;
Come, brave young men and maidens,
March to the temp'rance drum;
We've listed in the army,
The temp'rance flag we fly,
Cold water is our motto,
And shall be till we die.

2 Come, fathers, sons, and brothers,
Oh, harken to the call!
The bugle blasts of temp'rance
Sound loud and clear to all;
We'll march in solid phalanx,
And raise our banners high;
Cold water is our motto,
And shall be till we die.

No. 7. Stand up for Temperance.

TUNE.—*Webb.*

1 Stand up, stand up for temp'rance,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Be working! save the fallen
By pointing to the cross;
The sons of earth are sinking
Beneath rum's fearful sway;
Go, thou, and be a doing
Ere fades away the day.

2 Oh, let us work for temp'rance,
And for the cause of right,
That sorrow may be banished
With all its woe and blight;
Put on the gospel armor
And to the battle go,
Resolved to fight till conquered
Shall be this fearful foe.

3 Stand up, stand up for temp'rance,
Stand up and show your might;
Stay not from this great conflict,
Rush now into the fight;
The enemy is wav'ring,
Now harder press the fight;
Wait not a moment longer,
Go, save a soul to-night.

4 Oh, drinker, do not linger
Outside the open door;
You are not free from danger
Till pledged to drink no more;
Before this meeting closes,
Resolve to come and sign;
Perhaps you are the "hundredth,"
Far from the "ninety and nine."

5 And when this step you've taken,
Resolved to be a man,
You'll go forth, free forever,
A better, happier man,
And, up among the angels,
Will sing around the throne,
"Rejoice," the wand'rer's rescued,
"The Lord brings back his own."

J. MERRITTE DRIVER.

No. 8. Temperance Star.

TUNE.—*Webb.*

1 All hail the temperance morning
That dawned with feeble light,
Now bursts with brilliant lustre
On our astonished sight.
Come view the bow of promise,
And see before it fly
The dark clouds of intemperance
That covered all the sky.

2 But now behold! the temperance star
Arose with genial ray,
And, melted by its heavenly warmth,
The thick mist fell away.
Talk ye of slaves who sign the pledge?
We, we alone are free!
Our limbs, our reason ne'er shall bow,
Oh, Alcohol, to thee.

MRS. A. T. H. TAYLOR.

No. 9. The Red Ribbon Army.

TUNE.—*We're a Band of Freemen.*

1 We come, dear friends, to proffer,
Not gold to fill each coffer,
But kindly here to offer
You the Cold Water Pledge.

CHORUS.

We're the Red Ribbon Army,
We're the Red Ribbon Army,
We're the Red Ribbon Army,
And we'll sound it thro' the land.

2 May dram-shops be forsaken,
May all the land awaken,
Stand firmly and unshaken
To our Cold Water Pledge.

Chorus.

3 Oh! come, ye manhood killers,
Ye venders and distillers;
Come, jug and bottle fillers,
Take our Cold Water Pledge.

Chorus.

4 And you, too, bonnie lasses,
Who tip the sparkling glasses,
Right here, before it passes,
Sign our Cold Water Pledge.

Chorus.

5 And boys, with life before you,
May high resolves come o'er you,
Oh! take it, we implore you,
Take our Cold Water Pledge.

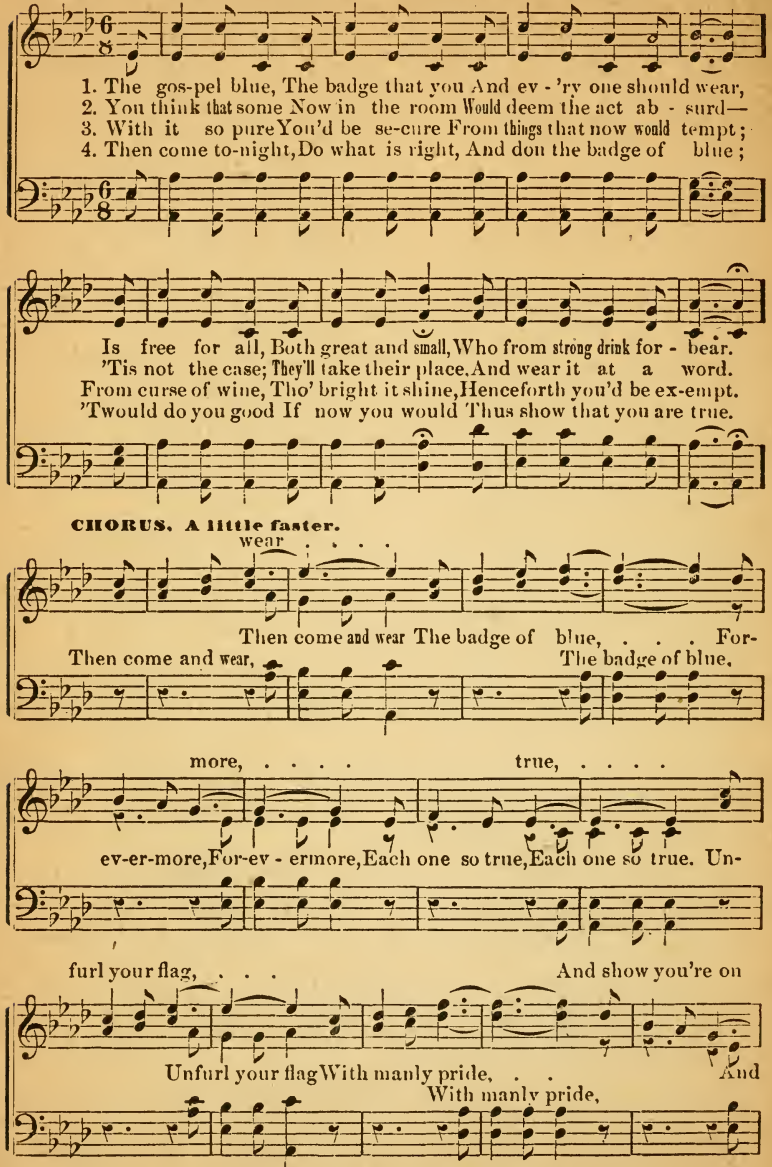
Chorus.

KATE HARRINGTON.

No. 10. The Badge of Blue.

Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them . . . that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue.—NUMBERS 15: 38.

J. M. D. J. MERRITTE DRIVER.



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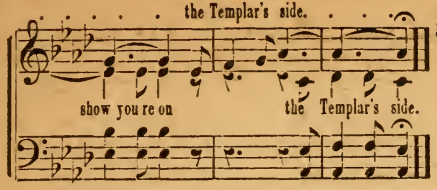
The Badge of Blue. Concluded.

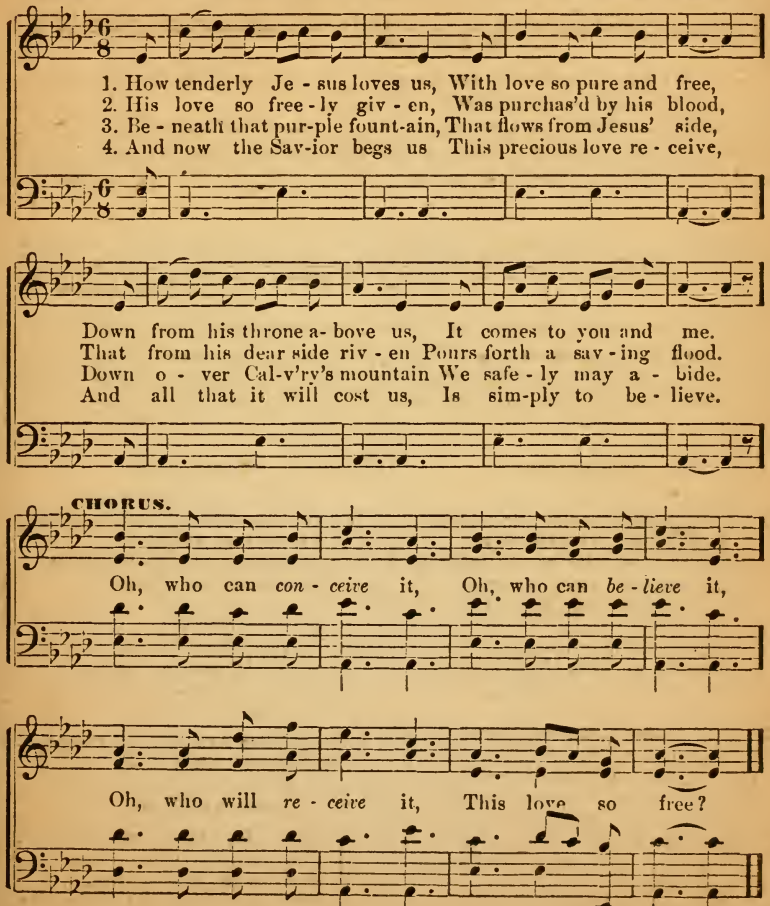


5 Come one and all,
Both great and small,
The high, the rich, the poor,
And from henceforth
Go prove its worth,
And work for thousands more.

No. 11. This Love so Free.

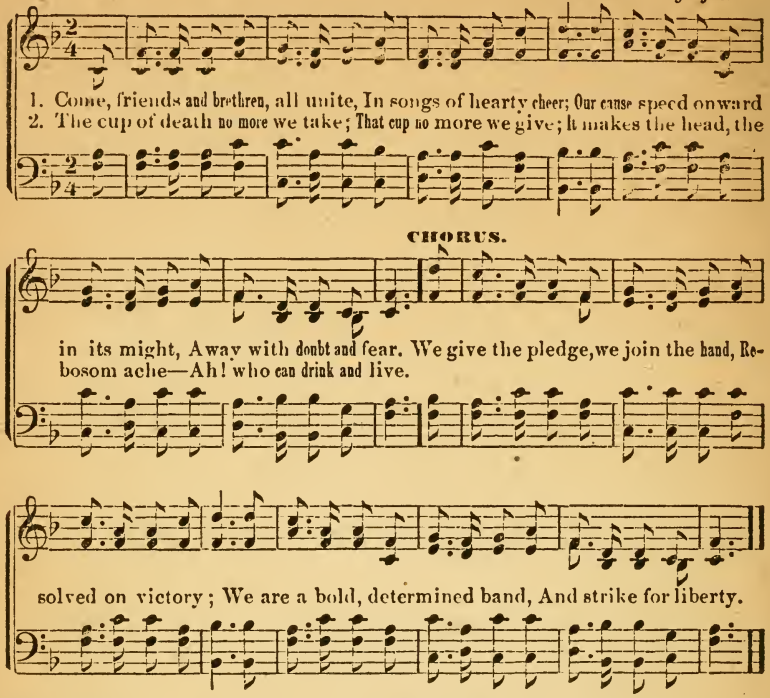
"To the Young Ladies' Christian Working Band," Monticello, Iowa.

M. M. J. Behold, what manner of love.—1 JOHN 3: 1. MARK M. JONES, by per.



No. 12. Come, Friends and Brethren.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*



No. 13. Auld Acquaintance.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

1 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Who've fallen by the way?
Should we, who know a happier lot
Leave them in grief to stay?
Though rough the fortune they have met,
From tasting ruin's cup,
They are our erring brothers yet,
And we will lift them up.

2 Then still press on; sublime the aim
In which we all combine,—
To rescue man from sin and shame,
That he in heaven may shine.
That welcome, welcome, ever blessed,
May fall upon the ear,
Of those whose hearts have been oppressed
With sin and sorrow here.

No. 14. Cold Water Army.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

1 With banner and with badge we come,
An army true and strong;
To fight against the hosts of rum,
And this shall be our song.

CHORUS.

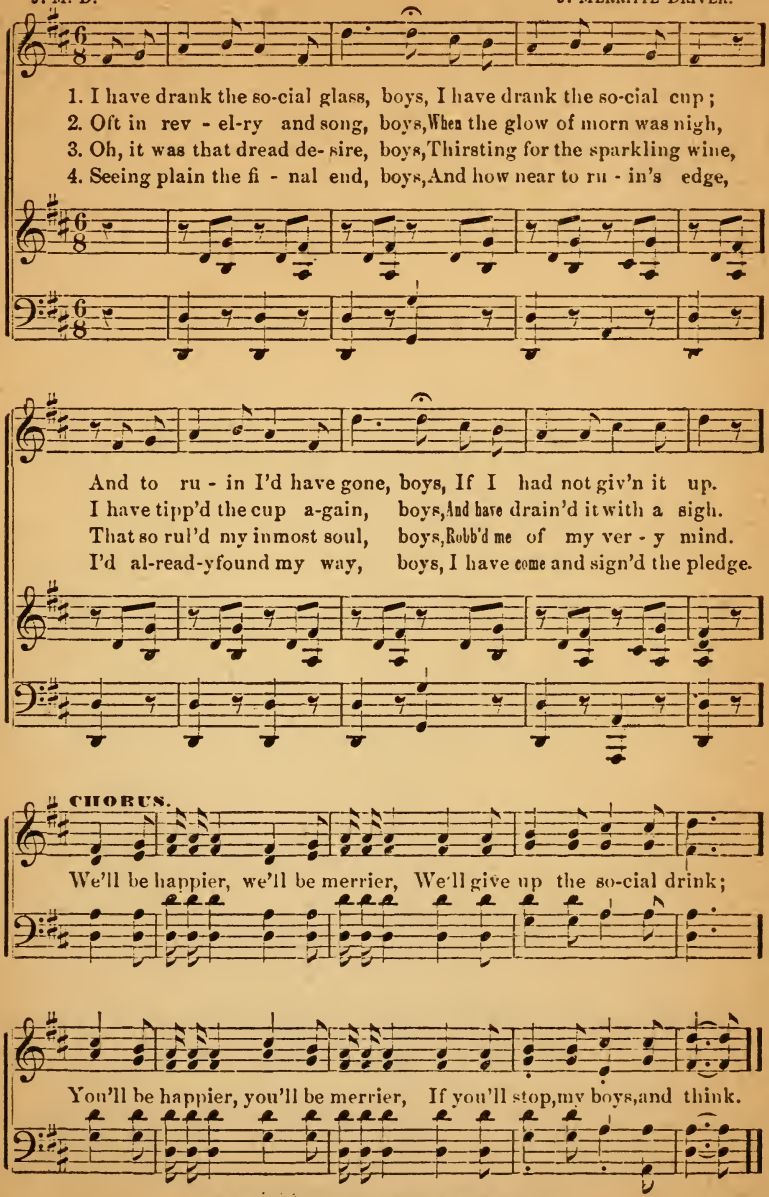
We love the clear cold water springs,
Supplied by gentle showers;
We feel the strength cold water brings,
The victory is ours.

2 "Cold Water Army" is our name,
Oh, may we faithful be,
And so in truth and justice claim
The blessings of the free. *Cho.*

3 Tho' others love their Rum and Wine,
And drink till they are mad;
To water we will still incline,
To make us strong and glad. *Cho.*

No.15. We'll give up the Social Drink, Boys.

J. M. D. J. MERRITTE DRIVER.



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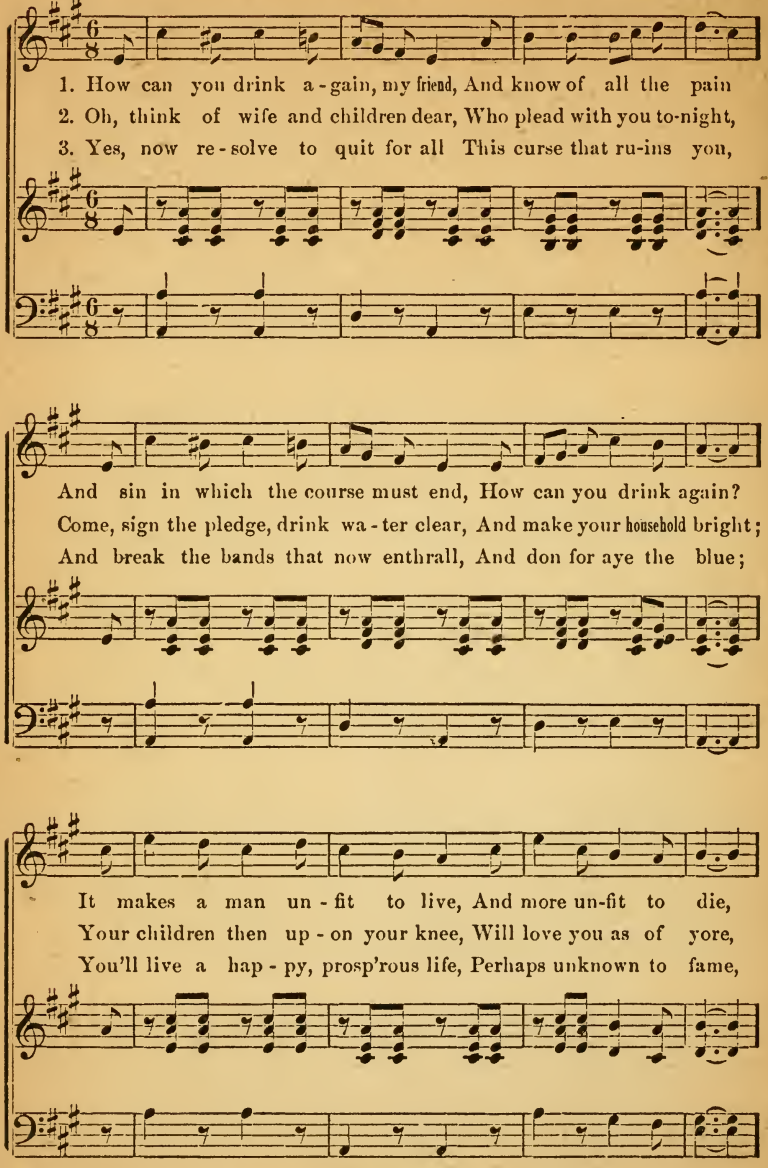
No. 16. How Can You Drink Again?

J. McP. JOHN McPHERSON, by per.



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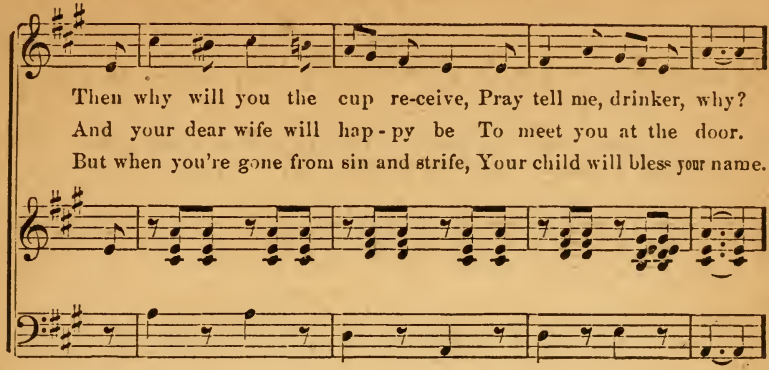
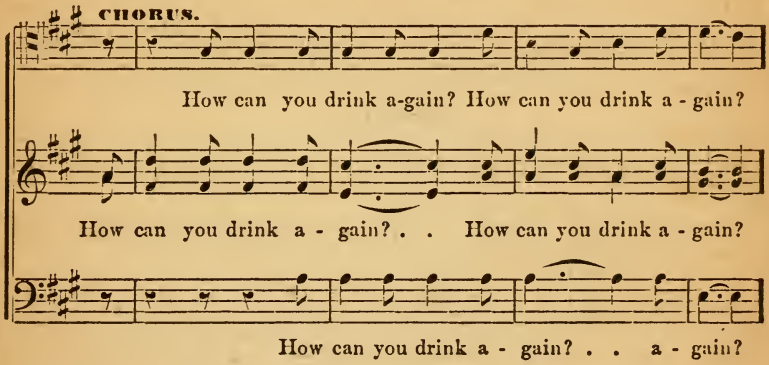
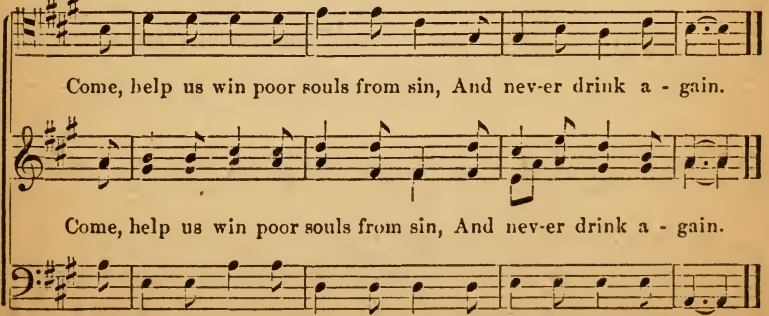
How Can You Drink Again? Concluded.







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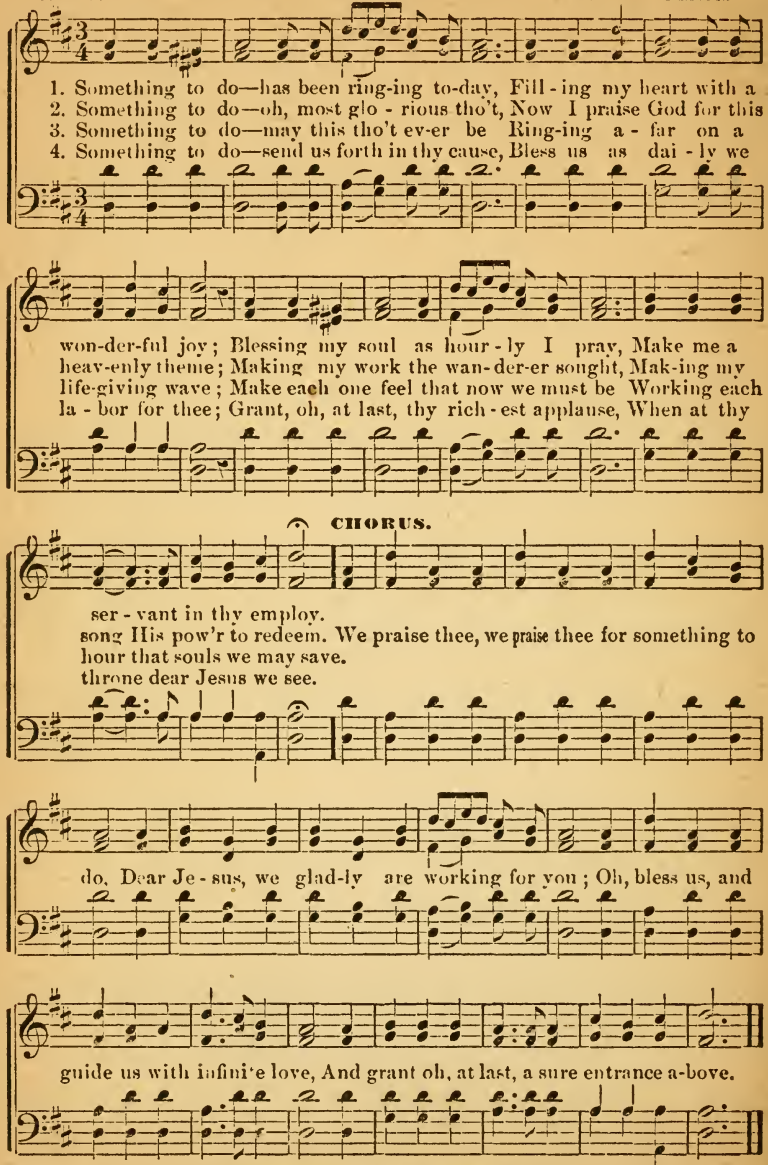
No. 17. Something To Do.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21 : 28.

J. M. D. J. MERRITTE DRIVER.



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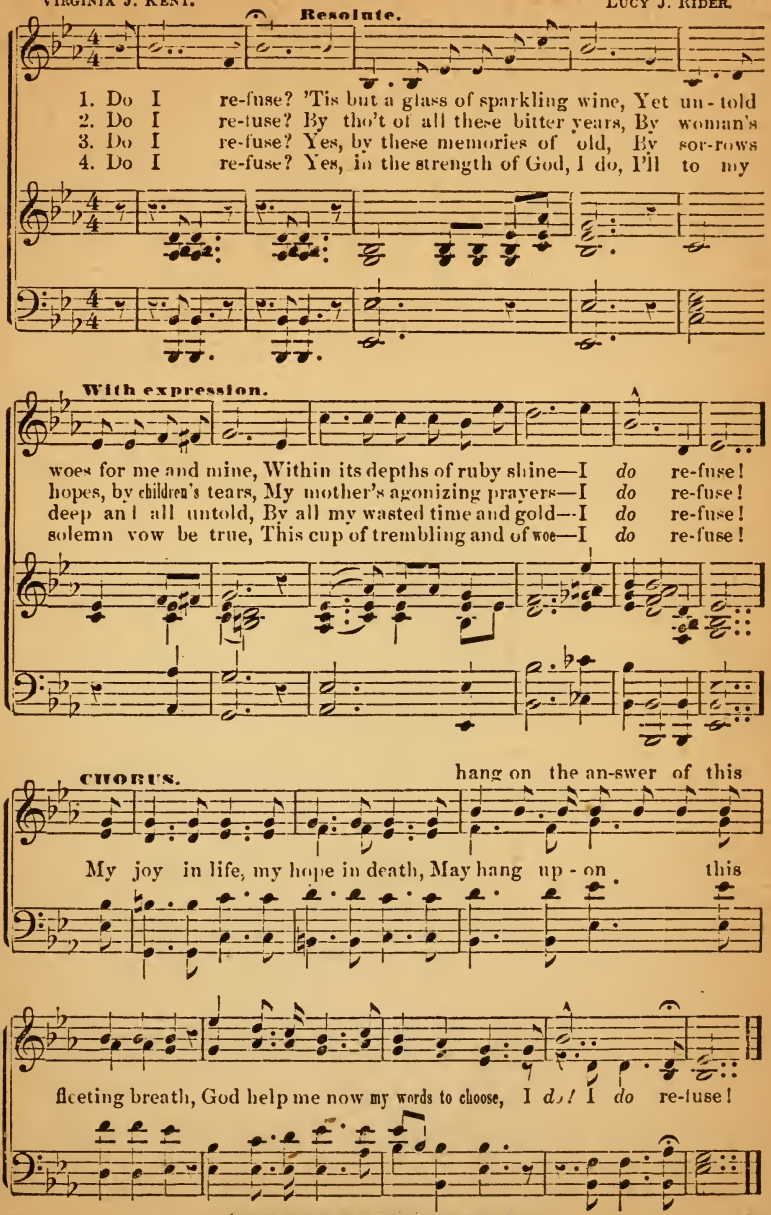
No. 18. Do I Refuse?

VIRGINIA J. KENT. LUCY J. RIDER.

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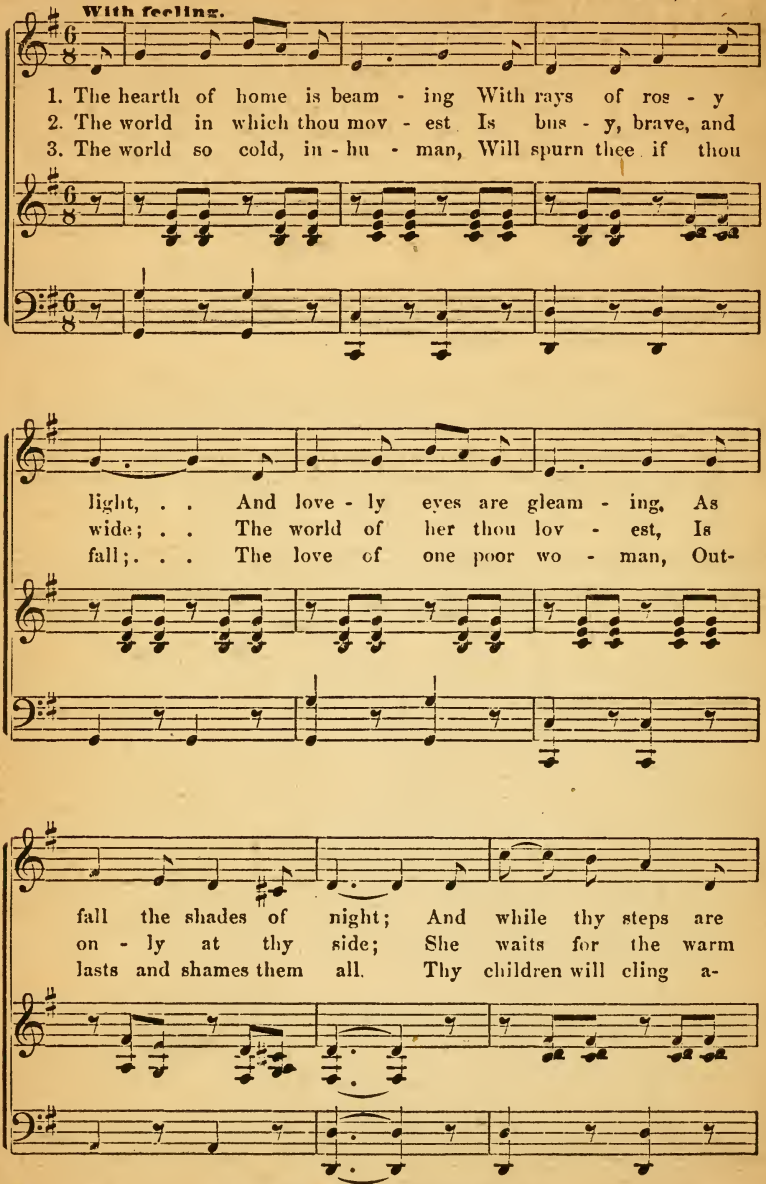
No. 19. "Don't Stay Late To-night."

ANON. J. A. MUNK, M D.

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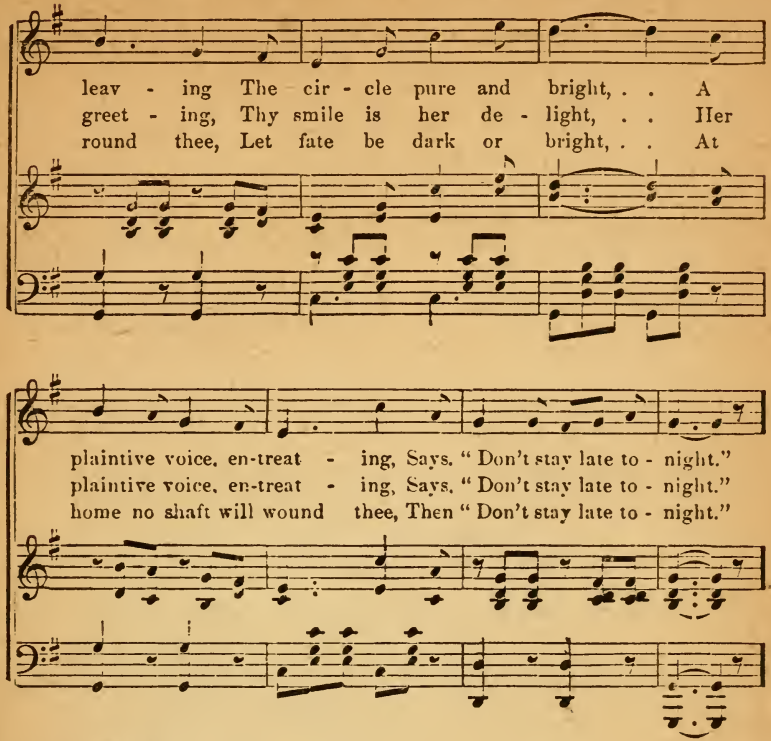
"Don't Stay Late To-night." Concluded.

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No. 20. Missionary Hymn.

TUNE.—*Don't Stay Late To-night*, p. 16.

1 Oh! patiently we've waited
To see the happy day,
When man shall tempt his brother
No more to go astray;
And all shall strive together
To lift the fallen up,
And teach the weak and wretched
To leave the cruel cup.

2 With words and deeds of kindness,
With words of love and cheer,
Oh! treat thy fellow being,
Through all his trials here.
There's poverty and sorrow
Wherever we may go;
Then let us, like the angels,
Be kind to all below.

3 Be true to all the living,
For but a transient hour,
And love and comfort giving,
Will be beyond our power.
Give misery our pity,
And treat our fellow man
As though he were our brother,
And help him while we can.

No. 21. Temperance Hymn.

TUNE.—*Don't Stay Late To-night.*

1 From brightest crystal fountain,
That flows in beauty free
By shady hill and mountain,
Fill high the cup for me!
Sing of the sparkling waters
Sing of the cooling spring—
Let freedom's sons and daughters
Their joyous tribute bring.

2 This was the pledge in Eden,
Ere sorrow's notes were heard;
Ere our first mother heeding
The subtle serpent's word—
Forgetting her Creator,
Plunged all her race in woe,
And caused o'er beauteous Nature
The seeds of death to grow.

3 From many a happy dwelling
Late misery's dark abode,
The joyous peal is swelling—
The hymn of praise to God,
Glad songs are now ascending
From many a thankful heart;
Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending
And each their aid impart.

4 We'll join the tuneful chorus
And raise our song on high!
The cheering view before us
Delights the raptured eye;
The glorious cause is gaining
New strength from day to day,
The drunkard host is waning
Before cold water's sway.

No. 22. Can I E'er Drink Again.

TUNE.—*When the Swallows Homeward Fly.*

1 When my little weeping child
Is bowed down with grief so wild,
When my wife in deep despair,
Pleads for me with words of prayer,
When I see each haggard face,
Know that drink doth joy erase,
When I all these wrongs do see,
Can I, ah, can I e'er drink again?
Can I, ah, can I e'er drink again?

2 When I think of boyhood days,
With their round of merry plays,
When from father, mother dear,
Came their warning with a tear,
When of sisters, too, I think,
And my life with theirs do link,
When I all their tears do see,
Can I, ah, can I e'er drink again?
Can I, ah, can I e'er drink again?

3 No! I'll never drink again,
From this hour I'll be a man,
And I'll wipe away those tears,
Giving joy through coming years,
By-and-by there'll dawn a day,
When silently we'll pass away,
When I all these things do know,
I pray I may never drink again,
I pray I may never drink again!

J. MERRITTE DRIVER.

No. 23. Parting Blessing.

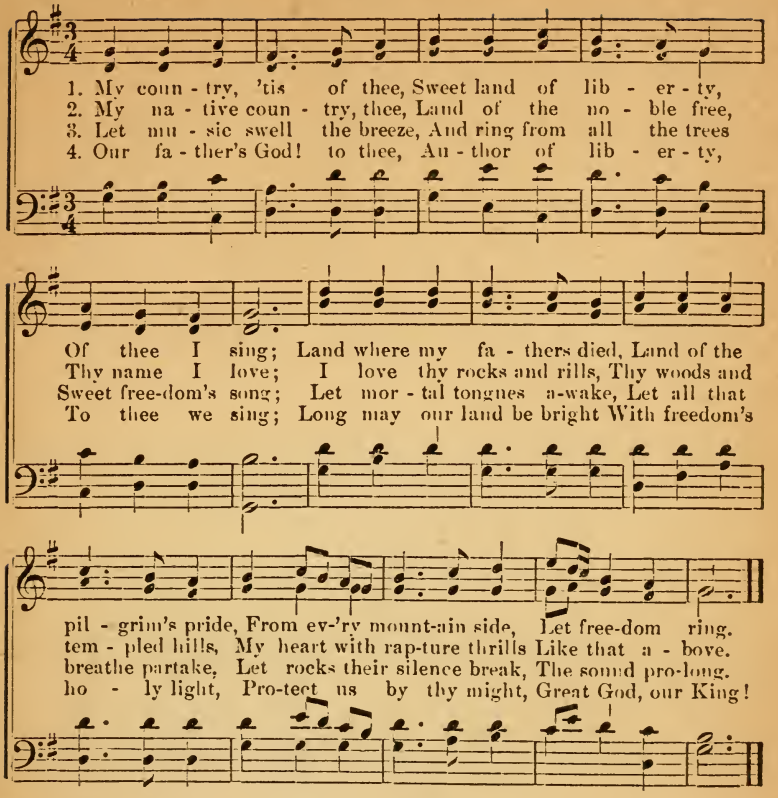
TUNE.—*Greenville.*

1 Heavenly father, give thy blessing,
While we now this meeting end,
On our minds each truth impressing
That may to thy glory tend.

2 Save from all intoxication,
From its fountains may we flee,
When assailed by strong temptation
Put our trust alone in thee.

No. 24. Doxology.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

No. 25. America.

No. 26. Invocation.

TUNE.—*America.*

1 We come, great God, to thee,
In deep humility,
Thy help implore;
And as we humbly wait,
Our hearts we consecrate
To thee, who art so great,
For evermore.

2 Here we our pledges take,
Intemperance to forsake,
While life doth last;
Save from this deadly foe,
That crushes man so low,
From all the shame and woe
Of our sad past.

No. 27. The Pledge for All.

TUNE.—*America.*

1 My country, 'tis for thee,
Whose boast is liberty,
For thee I pray;
Land, for whose fair domain,
The tyrant's ruthless chain
Reached out and sought in vain
To bind for aye.

2 In wan despair they stand;
The Rachels of our land,
And wildly call:
"Oh, friends! arouse! awake!
The ranks of Satan break,
And this your war-cry make,
'The pledge for all!'"

KATE HARRINGTON.

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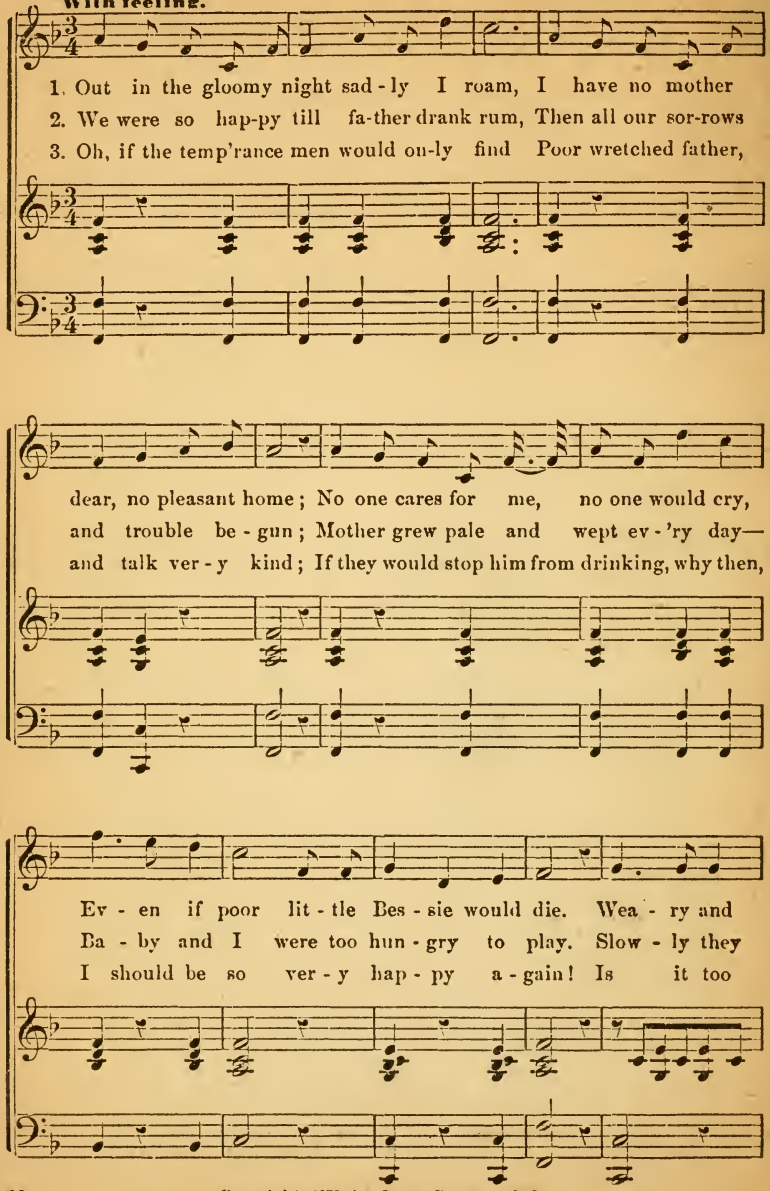
No. 28. Father's a Drunkard.

ANON. J. MERRITTE DRIVER.

With feeling.



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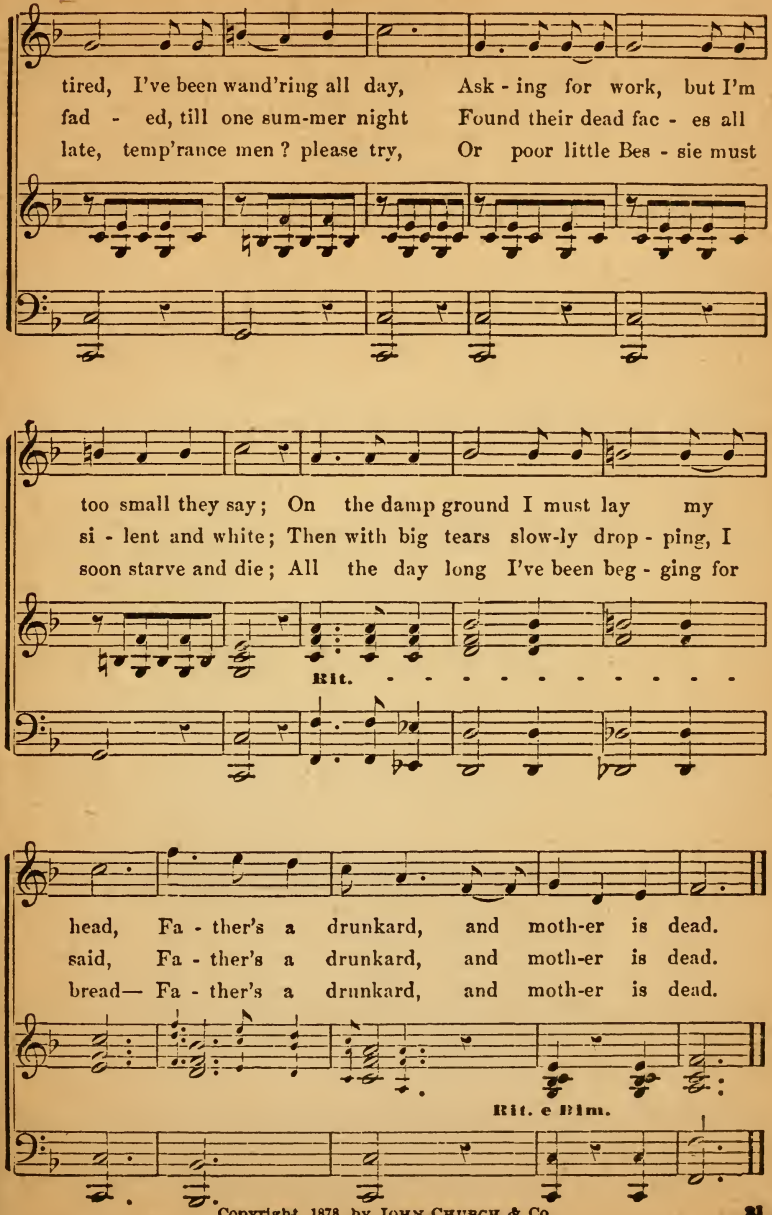
Father's a Drunkard. Concluded.



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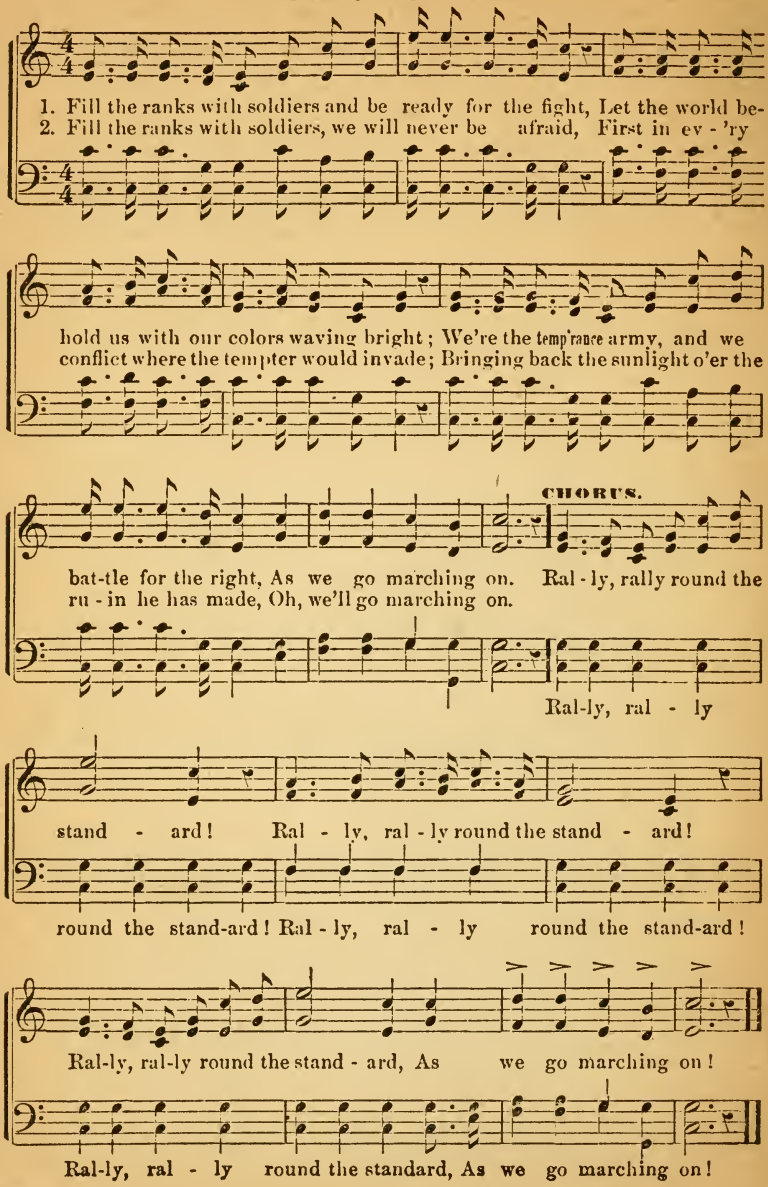
No. 29. Temperance Rallying Song.

"Fight the good fight of faith."



No.30. Rally, let us Rally.

TUNE.—*Glory, Hallelujah.*

1 Rally, let us rally and for temperance boldly stand,
Shout the cry to battle, send the call to every land;
Rally, let us rally with the sword of God in hand,
And all be marching on;
Glory, Hallelujah,
Praise God, we're marching on.

2 See the prince of darkness in his haughty pride arrayed,
Mark the desolation by his deadly poison made,
He must fall before us, and the ruin must be stayed,
The brave are marching on,
Glory Hallelujah, etc,

3 Oh, the nightly revels and the money squandered there,
Plunging homes in darkness and the anguish of despair;
Father, save the fallen—is our heartfelt, earnest prayer,
To conquest marching on.
Glory Hallelujah, etc.

4 By the tears of suffering in the wretched mother's eyes,
By her helpless children and their plaintive, starving cries,
Oh, by every feeling that is sacred, let us rise
For temperance marching on.
Glory Hallelujah, etc.

5 Though the fierce avenger with his army now assail,
Dauntless we will face them, for in God we shall prevail,
Trusting Him to lead us, we shall never, never fail,
Then boldly we'll march on.
Glory Hallelujah, etc.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No.31. Crusader's Battle Hymn.

TUNE.—*Glory Hallelujah.*

1 The light of truth is breaking,
On the mountain tops it gleams,
Let it flash along the valleys,
Let it glitter on our streams,
Till all our land awakens,
In its flush of golden beams;
Our God is marching on.
CHORUS,—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

2 From morning's early watches,
Till the setting of the sun,
We will never flag nor falter
In the work we have begun,
Till the forts have all surrendered,
And the victory is won,—
The time is marching on.—CHO.

3 We wield no carnal weapons,
And we hurl no fiery dart,
But with words of love and reason,
We are sure to win the heart,
And persuade the poor transgressor
To prefer the better part,—
Our God is marching on.—CHO.

No.32. Say, Brothers.

TUNE.—*Glory, Hallelujah.*

1 Say, brothers, will you join us?
Say, brothers, will you join us?
Say, brothers, will you join us?
As we go marching on?

CHORUS:—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
As we go marching on.

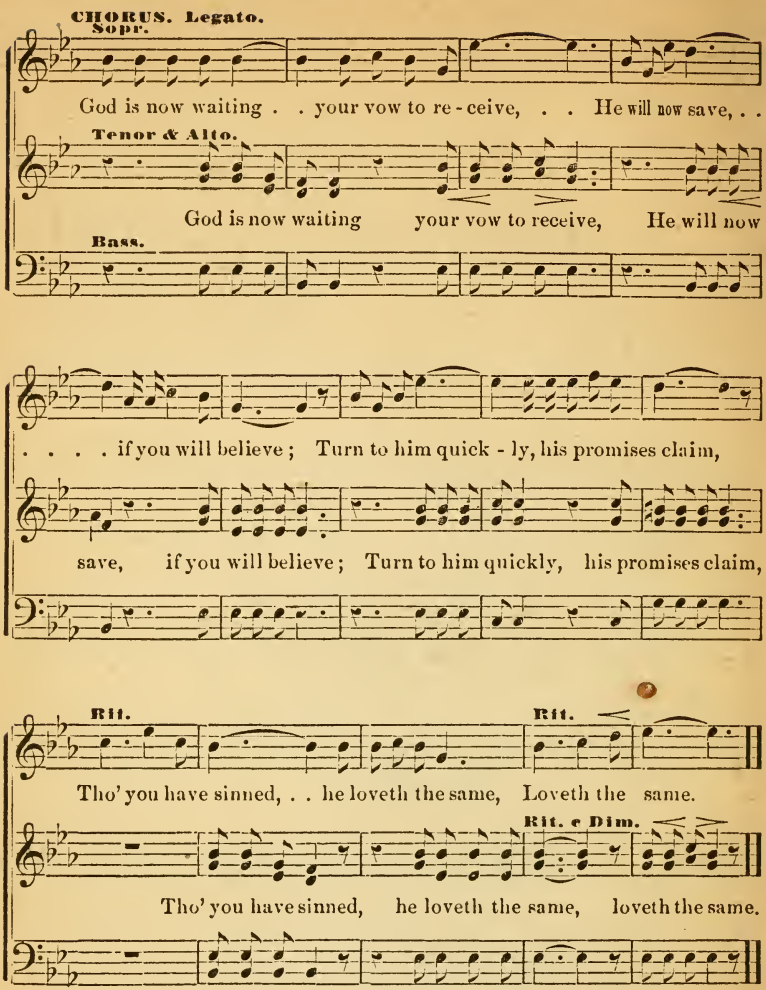
2 By the help of God we'll join you,
By the help of God we'll join you,
By the help of God we'll join you,
By the help of God we'll join you,
And with you march along.

3 We will boldly strike for freedom,
We will boldly strike for freedom,
We will boldly strike for freedom,
And shake off the chains of rum.

4 We have join'd the conqu'ring legion,
We have join'd the conqu'ring legion,
We have join'd the conqu'ring legion,
And are marching up to heaven.

KATE HARRINGTON.

The Call of the Loved Ones. Concluded.



5 Come, oh, come quickly, my brother!
The day-beams are sinking afar,
There never is given another,
And soon sets the bright evening star!
Quickly determine to come,
And walk in the path of the right,
Turn from a terrible doom,
And loved ones will bless you—will bless you to-night. *Cho.*

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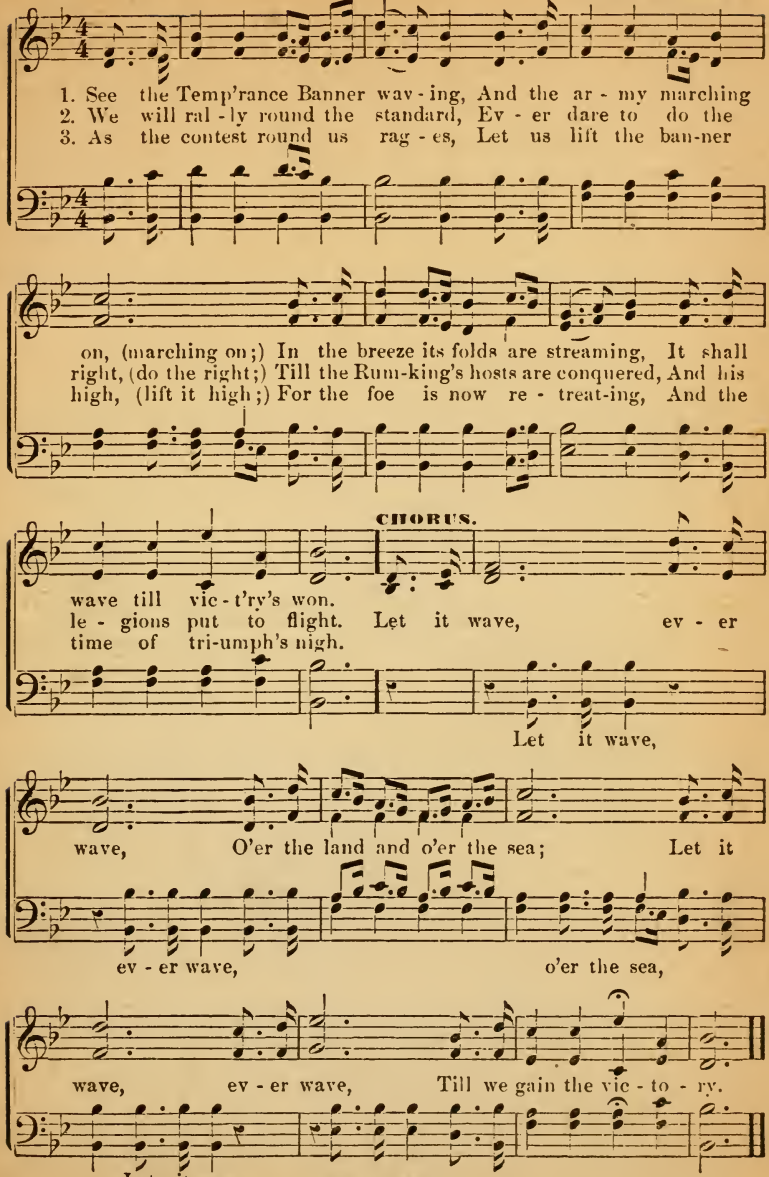
No. 34. The Temperance Banner.

REV. E. T. B — REV. E. T. BOWERS.



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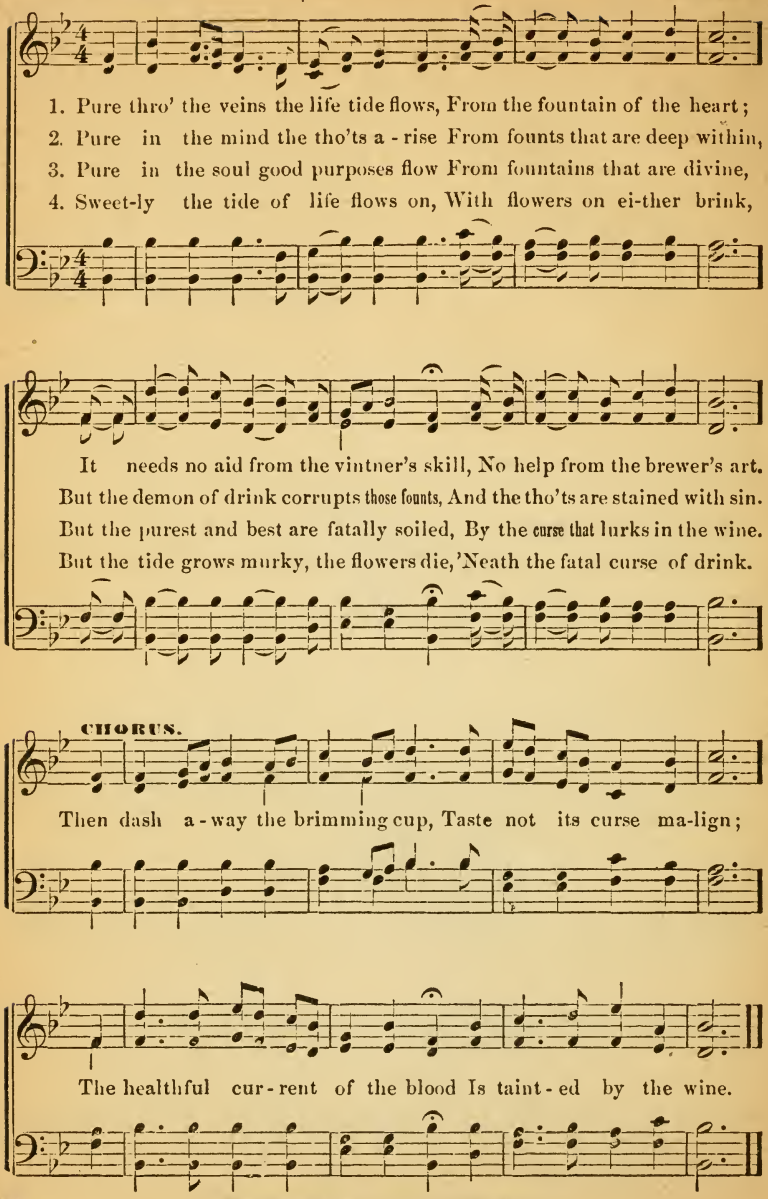
No. 35. The Tainted Cup.

REV. D. B DORSEY. DR. J. A. MUNK.



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No.36. Touch not the Cup.

TUNE.—*Long, Long Ago.*

1 Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl,
Touch not the cup, touch it not;
Little they thought that the demon was there,
Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare,
Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh! beware.
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

2 Touch not the cup, youug man in thy pride,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died,
Touch not the cup, touch it not;
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb;
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom,
Think that perhaps you may share in their doom,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

3 Touch not the cup, oh! drink not a drop,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop,
Touch not the cup, touch it not;
Stop, for the home that to thee is so near,
Stop, for the home that to thee is so dear,
Stop, for thy country, the God that you fear,
Touch not the cup, touch it not;

No.37. Marching Along.

1 The army of temperance is gathering its men,
From hill-top and mountain, in valley and glen;
Cold water's our bev'rage we are lusty and strong,
Then come join our army and be marching along.
CHORUS.—Marching along—we are marching along,
Come join our army and be marching along;
Cold water will make us both valiant and strong,
Then come join our army and be marching along.

2 From mountain to lakes, from the gulf to the strand,
Our army is marching in strength through the land,
In love, faith, and purity, we still will grow strong,
Then come join our army and be marching along.—CHO.

No.38. The Battle Cry of Temperance.

TUNE.—*The Battle Cry of Freedom.*

1 We will rally in our might
To the great and glorious fight,
Shouting the battle cry of temperance.
We will deal a final blow
To the mean, insidious foe,
Shouting the battle cry of temperance.
CHORUS.—Cold water forever! away with the wine,
For us its false glitter no longer shall shine,
We will rally in our might
To the great and glorious fight,
Shouting the battle cry of temperance.

2 Long has alcohol held sway,
Now we'll drive the fiend away,
Shouting the battle cry of temperance.
We will break the poisonous bowl
Which will ruin mind and soul,
Shouting the battle cry of temperance!—CHO.

3 Now's the day and now's the hour,
Let us break wine's wicked power,
Shouting the battle cry of temperance.
Gird the armor on anew,
Be in earnest and be true,
Shouting the battle cry of temperance!—CHO.

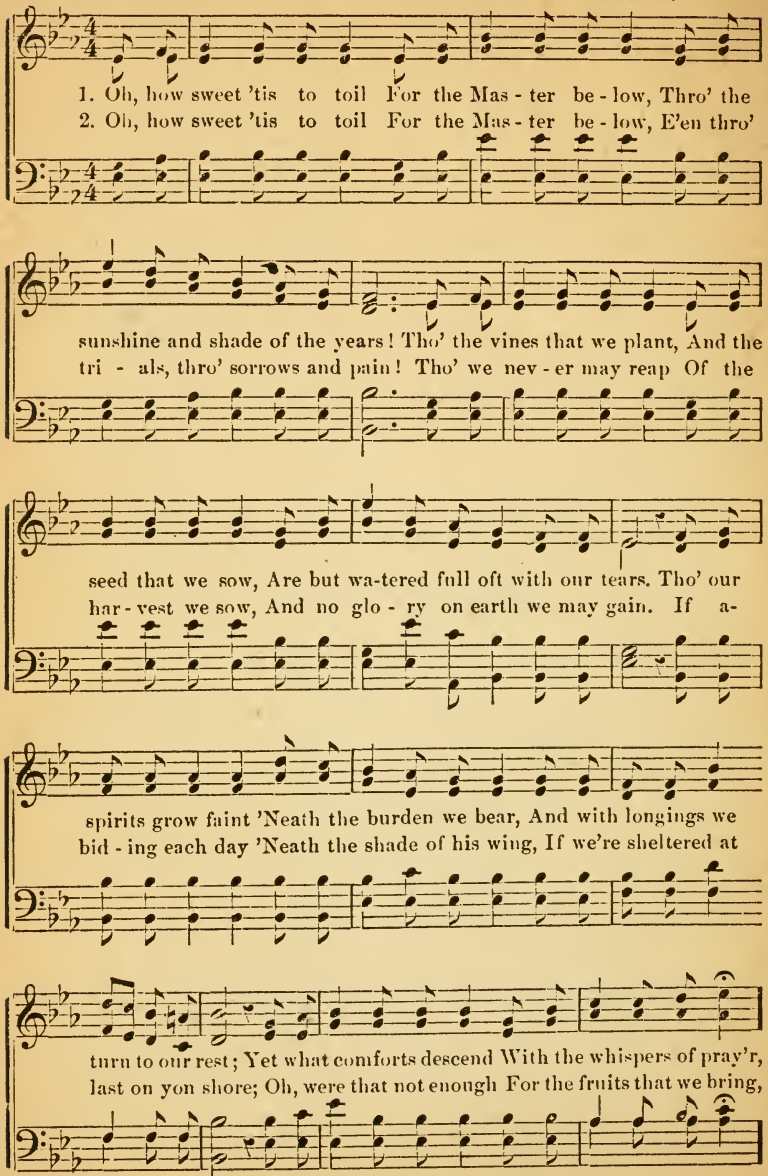
No.39. Friends of Temperance.

1 Friends of temperance, quick to arms,
We must struggle for the right;
And our noble cause with vigor we'll defend,
See the foe is gaining ground,
We must meet him in the fight,
And be faithful and courageous to the end.
CHORUS.—Marching onward, ever onward,
Sounding still the battle cry;
Soon the tyrant shall be slave,
To our army bold and brave!
We shall gain a glorious victory by and by.

2 Like the fatal wind that sweeps,
O'er the desert's burning plain,
Is the deep and deadly poison of his breath,
While the aged and the young,
He is binding with a chain,
That will lead them on by thousands down to death.

No. 40. Oh, How Sweet 'tis to Toil!

MRS. ANNIE HOWE THOMSON. J. A. MUNK, M. D.



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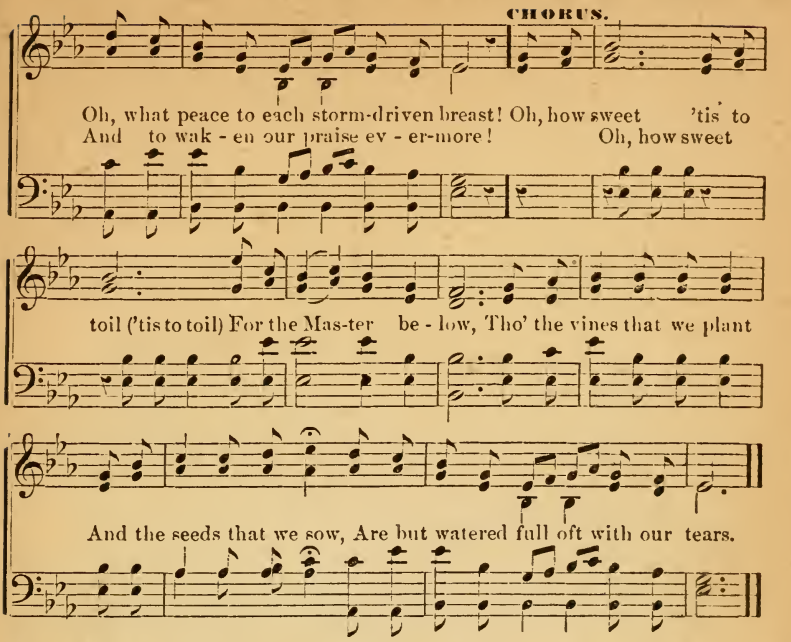
Oh, How Sweet 'tis to Toil. Concluded.



No. 41. **Save the Children.**

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

AIR.—*Scatter Seeds of Kindness.*

1 Let us gather in the children
With a loving, gentle hand;
Let us save them from intemperance,
In a holy, happy band;
Let us guard them in their childhood
From the danger of the way;
From the demon let us shield them,
While the danger's far away.

CHORUS.

Then let us save the children,
Then let us save the children,
Then let us save the children,
For his kingdom by and by.

2 Well we know the demon labors,
Working hourly to o'erthrow;
Let us strike him from his stronghold,
Urged on by the drunkard's woe;
Let us save the lambs around us
Ere the demon shall enthrall;
Listen to them loudly calling,
Come and save us e'er we fall.

CHORUS.

3 Strange that we should slight the children,
While they gather round our board,
Strange we tell them not of danger,
From the demon and his horde,
Strange, that knowing childhood passeth,
Soon we feel the evening dew
That we fail to tell of danger,
And to urge them to be true.

CHORUS.

4 Ah! the drunkard reeling, falling,
How he points our mem'ries back
To the days of happy childhood,
Ere he left the narrow track,
When the words of gentle warning,
Kindly given him day by day,
Might have saved him from thus falling
From a *drunkard's doom* that day.

CHORUS

J. MERRITTE DRIVER.

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No. 42. Almost Persuaded.

NEW WORDS.

1 Almost persuaded, now to be free,
Almost persuaded, God helping me,
Now from the social glass,
Now from the wretched past,
Into the light at last,
God helping me.

2 Almost persuaded, ah! galling chain,
Almost persuaded, strive I in vain,
To break its iron band,
To leave the fearful strand,
To gain sweet freedom's land,
Man helping me.

3 Almost persuaded, ah! bitter wail,
Almost persuaded, can it avail?
Hear, hear a sister's cry,
Ah! see the wife's sad eye,
Listen to a mother's sigh,
Will they avail?

4 Almost persuaded, ah! fearful woe,
Almost persuaded, can I e'er know,
Know all the widow's life,
All in its daily strife,
With dire forebodings rife,
Would I abstain.

5 Fully persuaded, can I be free,
Fully persuaded, God helping me,
Free from the galling chain,
Free from the bitter shame,
Free ever to remain,
God helping me.

GEO. DEW.

No. 43. The Right Shall Prevail.

TUNE.—*Sweet By and By.*

1 When the right over wrong shall prevail,
When the woes of wine drinking shall cease,
Then all nations and people shall hail
With a shout the grand triumph of peace.

CHORUS.

It will come by and by,
When the race out of childhood is grown;
It will come by and by,
Then the age of true manhood shall dawn.

2 Right ordains that the old wrongs cease,
And make way for the growth of reform;
Truth and wisdom proclaim, from on high,
That the triumph of virtue must come.

CHORUS.

3 It will come by and by,
When the sway of foul passion is o'er;
It will come by and by,
Then fair reason shall rule evermore.

No. 44. A Glorious Day.

TUNE.—*Sweet By and By.*

1 There is dawning a glorious day,
Its light may it quickly appear,
With drunkenness banished away,
What hopes will our hearts sweetly cheer.

CHORUS.

Let us work for that day,
For that glorious temperance day,
Let us work for that day,
For that glorious temperance day.

2 The lab'rers are now in the field,
And the harvest is ready to reap,
Come and share in this glorious yield,
Your reward doth your master now keep.—CHO.

3 The demons of darkness are near,
And our loved ones are struggling to-day,
Oh! impelled by the greatest of fear,
Let us drive now this tyrant away.
CHO.

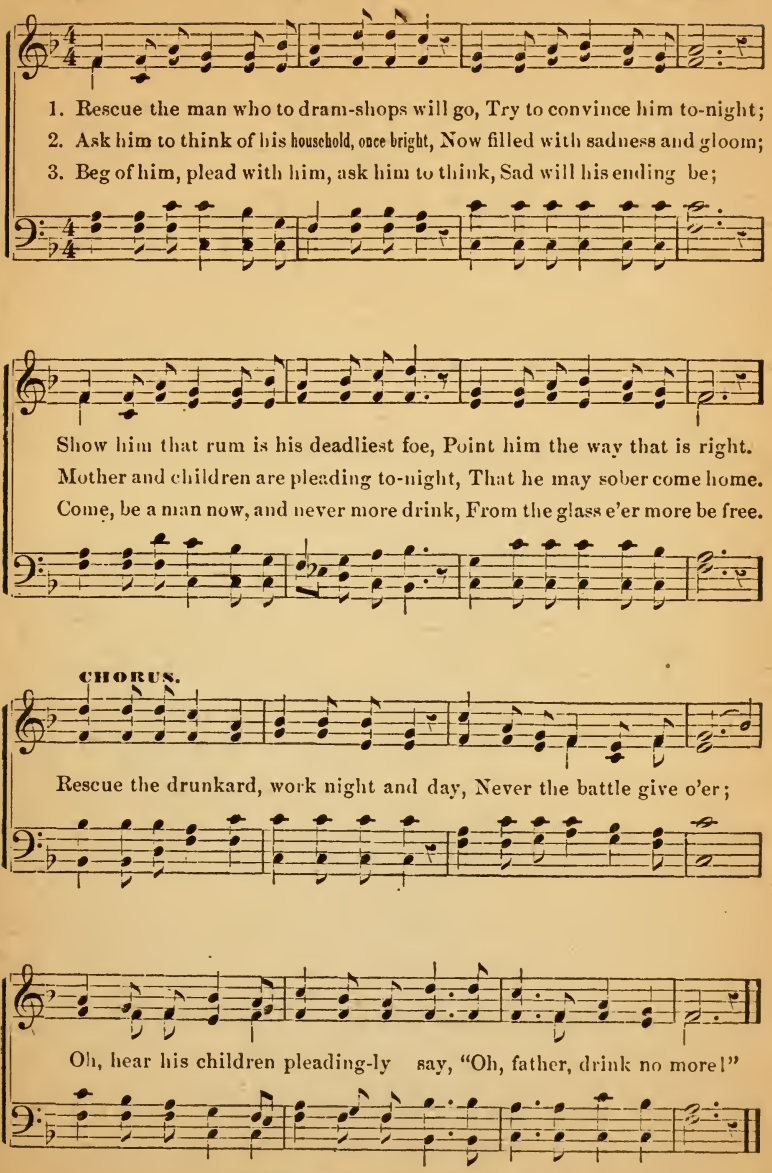
4 If we fail—in the great coming day,
When to us will be given our lot,
The voice of the Father will say,
Go! Depart from me, I know you not.
CHO.

5 Then let us be working till death,
Till below shall be ended our strife,
When above will be given a wreath,
With a crown of rejoicing and life.—CHO.

J. MERRITTE DRIVER.

No. 45. Rescue the Drunkard.

J. McP. JOHN McPHERSON.



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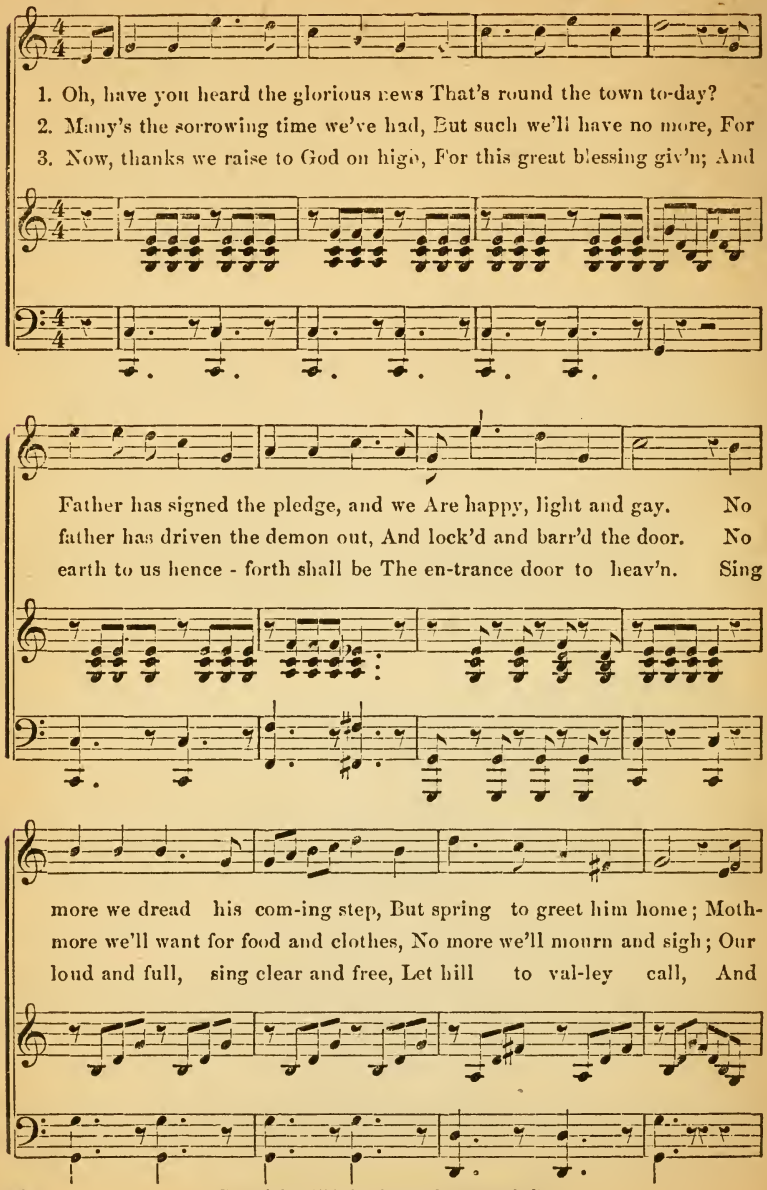
No. 46. Glorious News.

Original. L. O. Emerson, by per.



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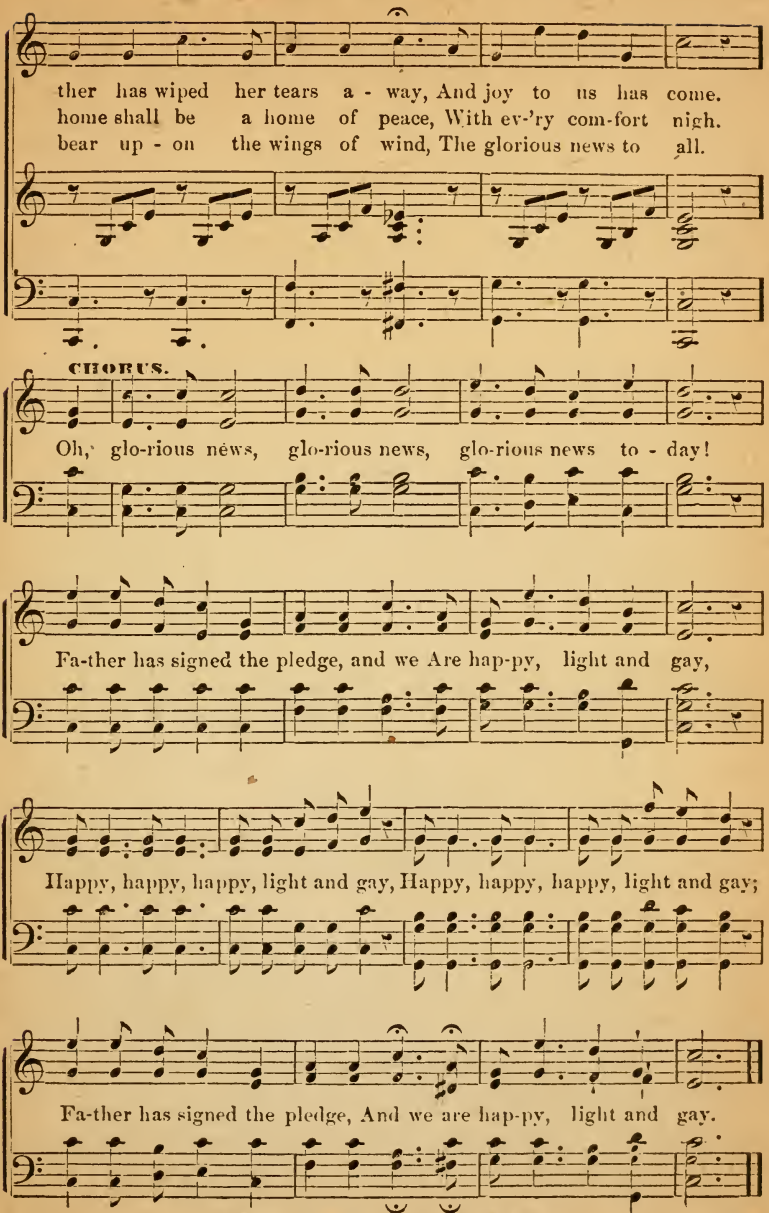
Glorious News. Concluded.

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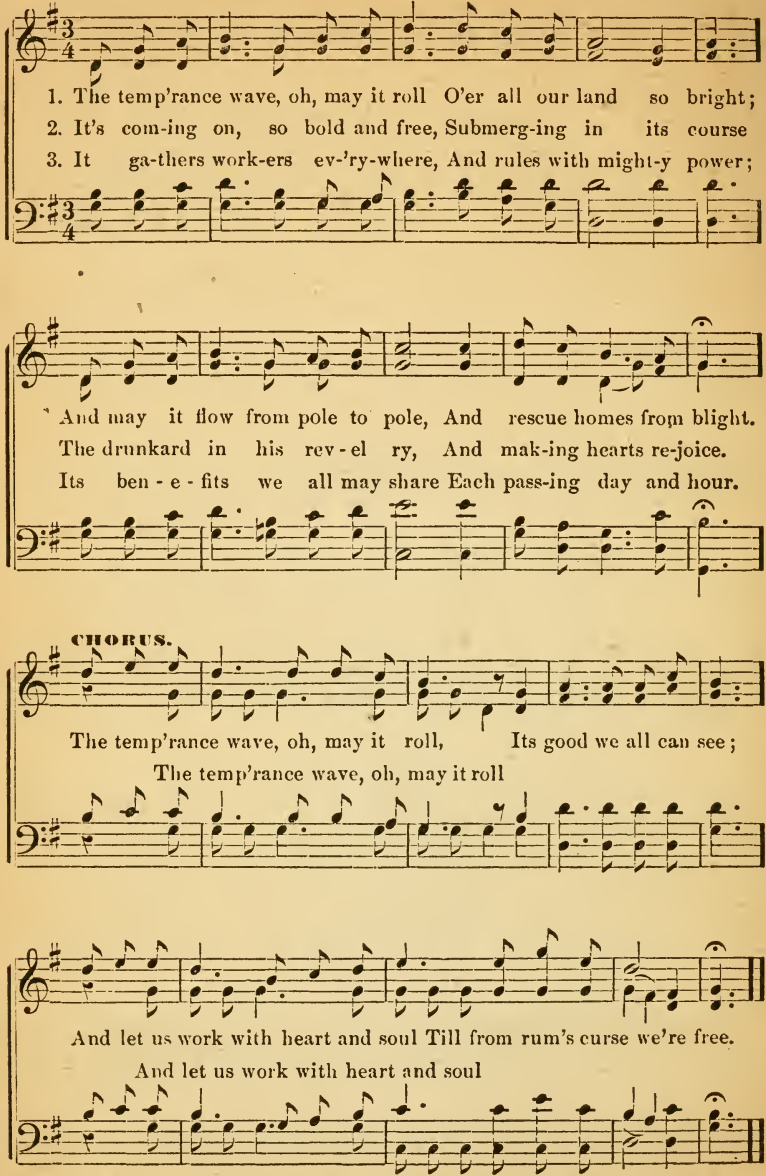
No. 47. The Temperance Wave.

J. McP. JOHN MCPHERSON.



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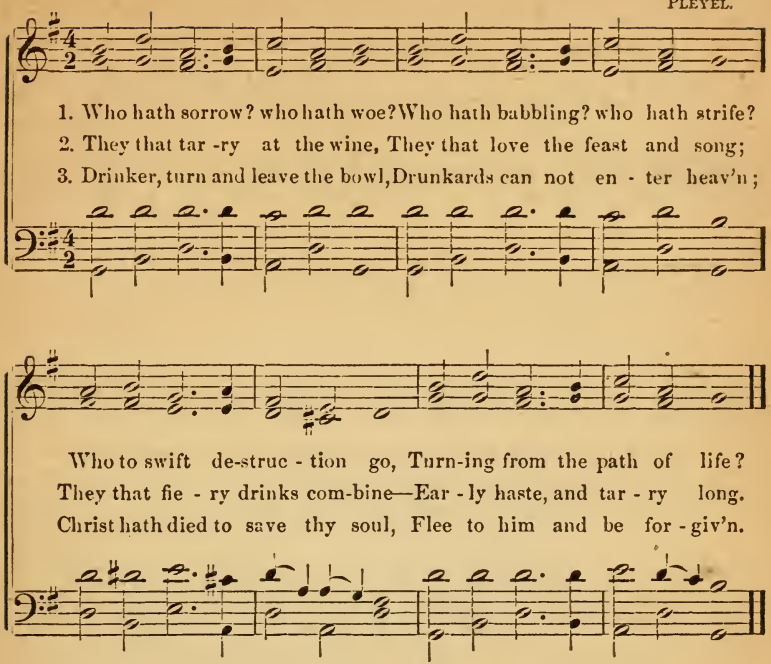
No. 48. Who hath Sorrow?

"They that tarry long at the wine."

PLEYEL.



No. 49. The Prodigal Invited.

TUNE.—*Pleyel's Hymn.*

1 Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3 He can heal the deepest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

No. 50. Hark! the Voice.

TUNE.—*Pleyel's Hymn.*

1 Hark! the voice of choral song
Floats upon the breeze along,
Chanting clear, in solemn lays,
"Man redeemed, to God the praise."

2 Courage! let no heart despair,
Mighty is the truth we bear;
Forward, then, baptized in love,
Led by wisdom from above.

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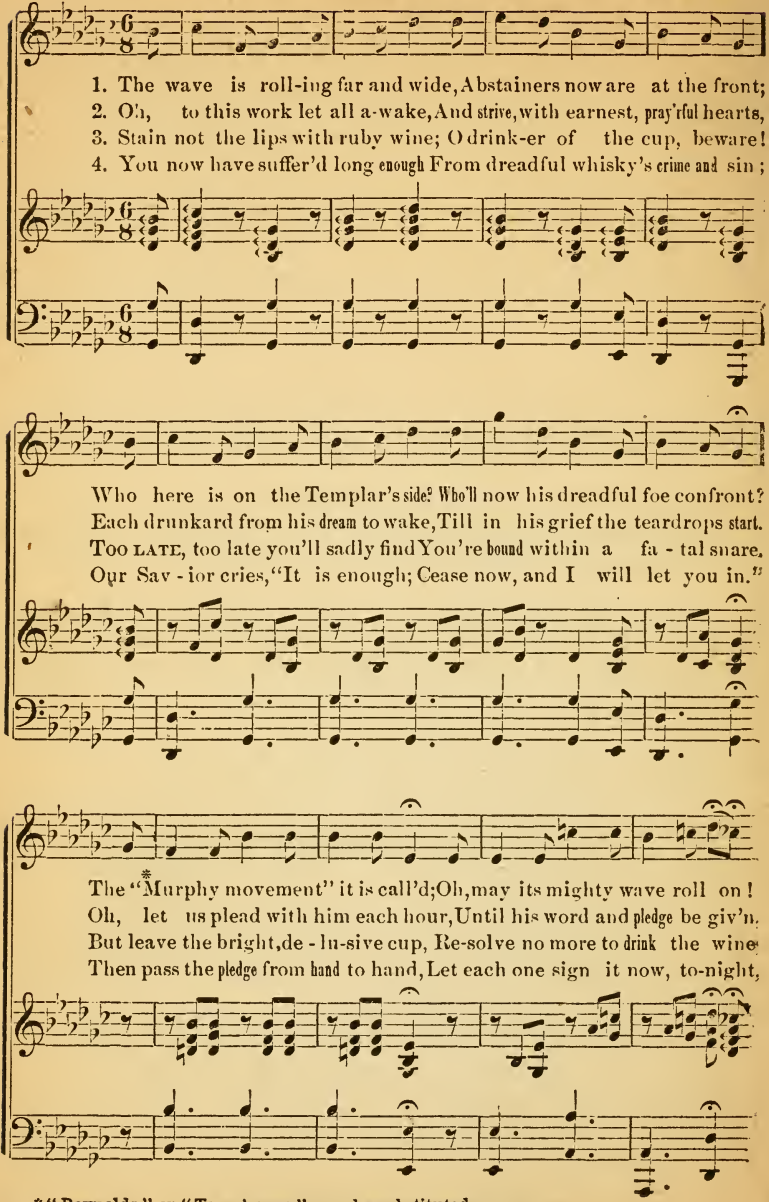
No.51. Stain not the Lips with Ruby Wine.

J. M. D. J. MERRITTE DRIVER.



*"Reynolds," or "Temp'rance" may be substituted.

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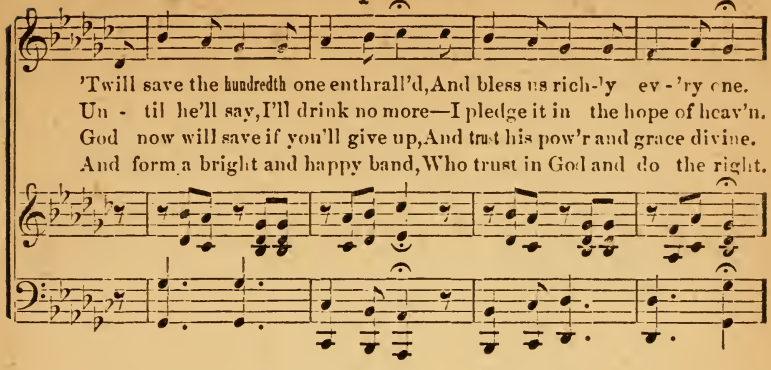
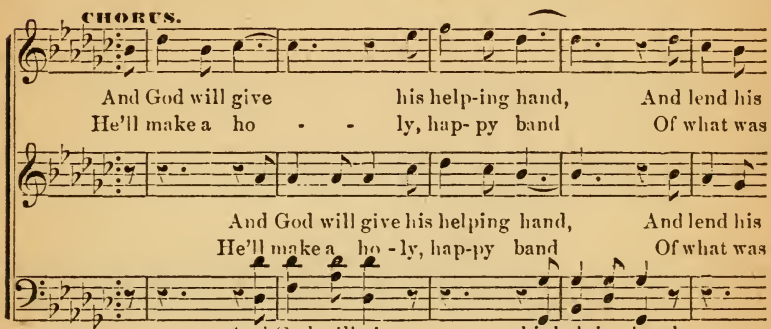
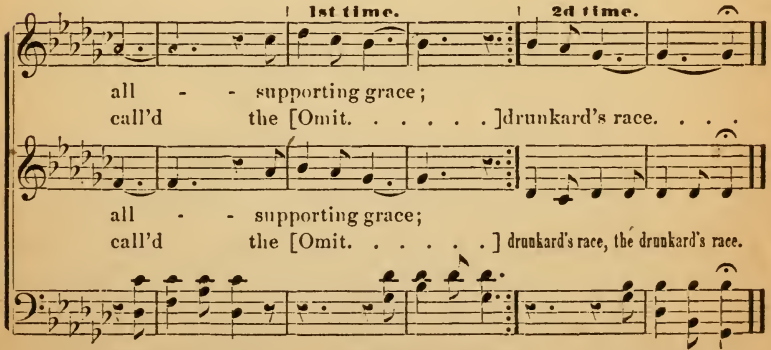
Stain not the Lips, etc. Concluded.







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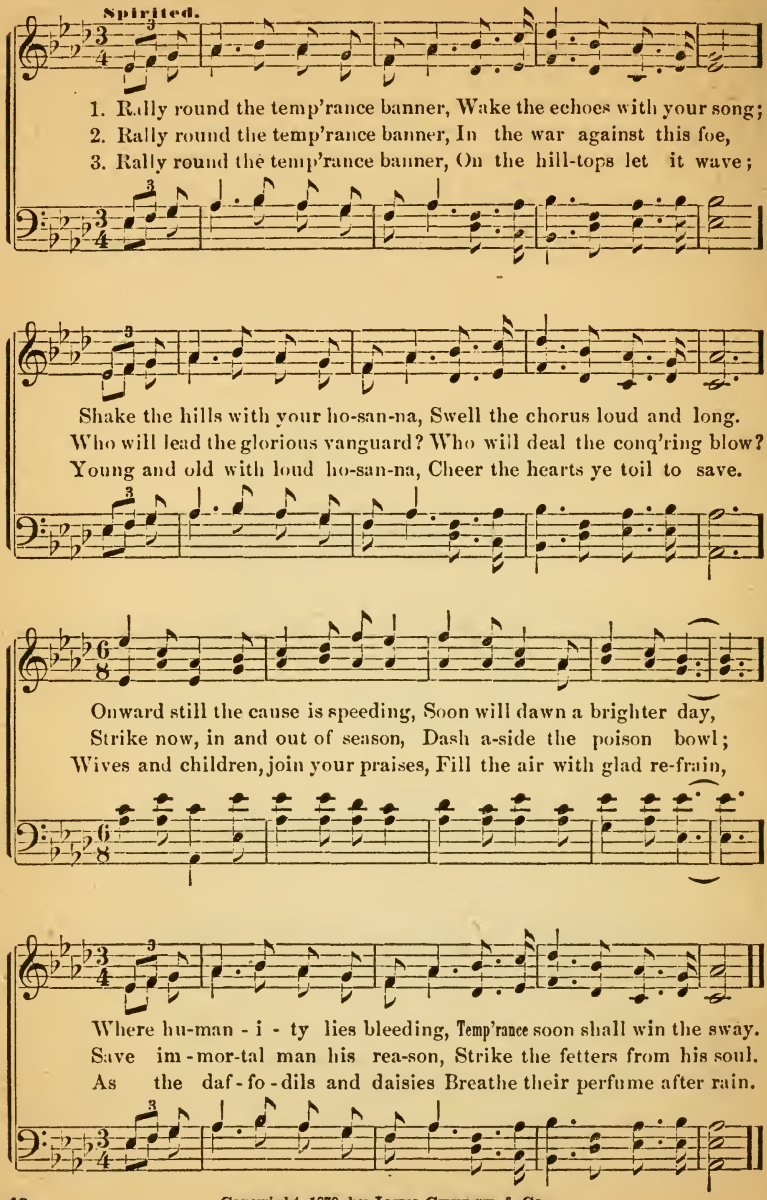
No. 52. Rally Round the Banner.

GEO. W. BUNGAY. J. MERRITTE DRIVER.



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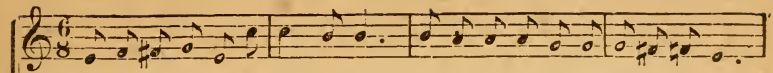
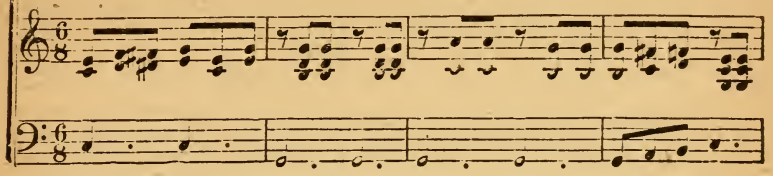
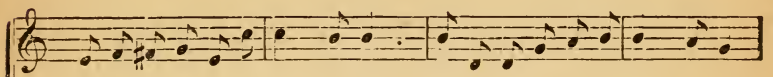
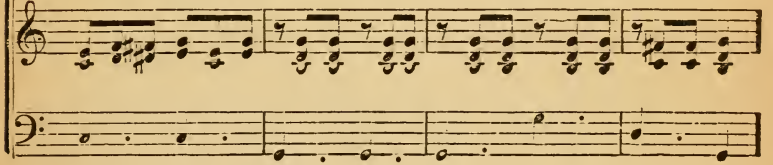
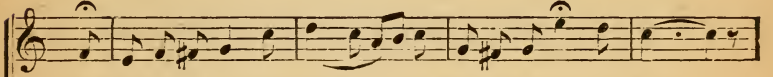
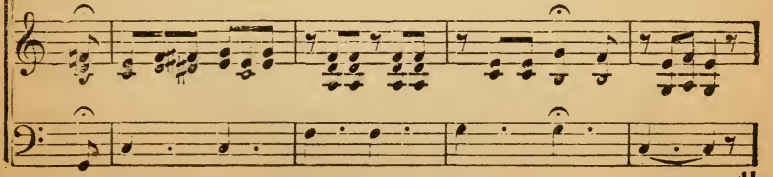
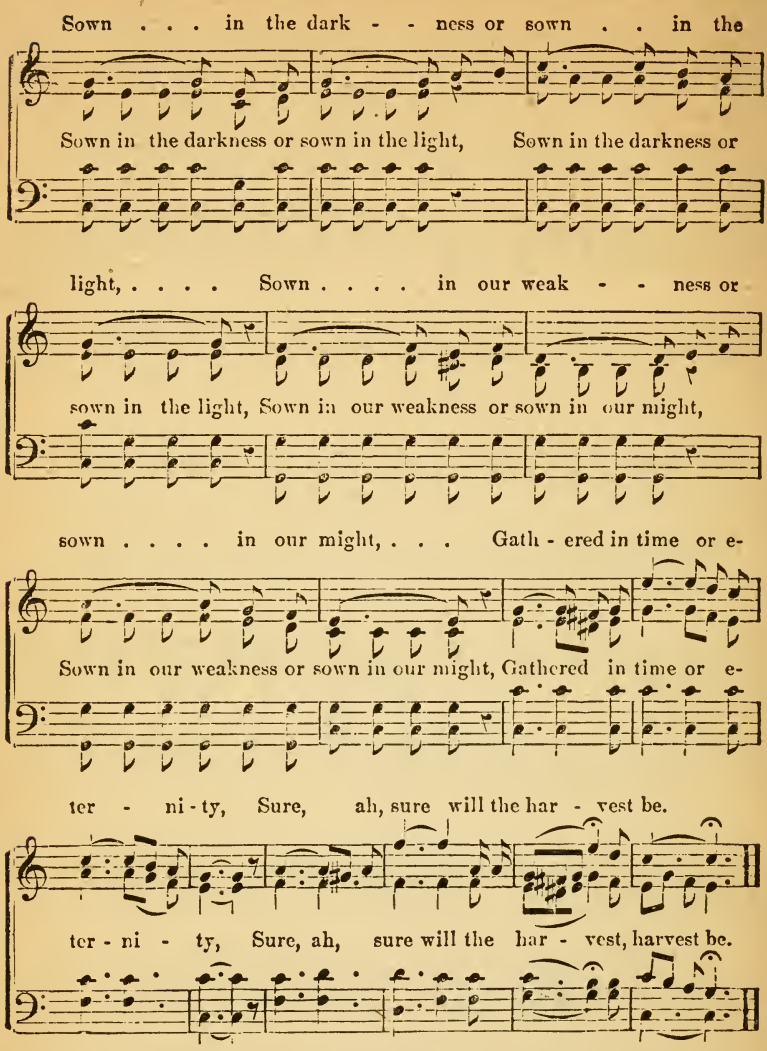
No. 53. What shall the Harvest be?

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

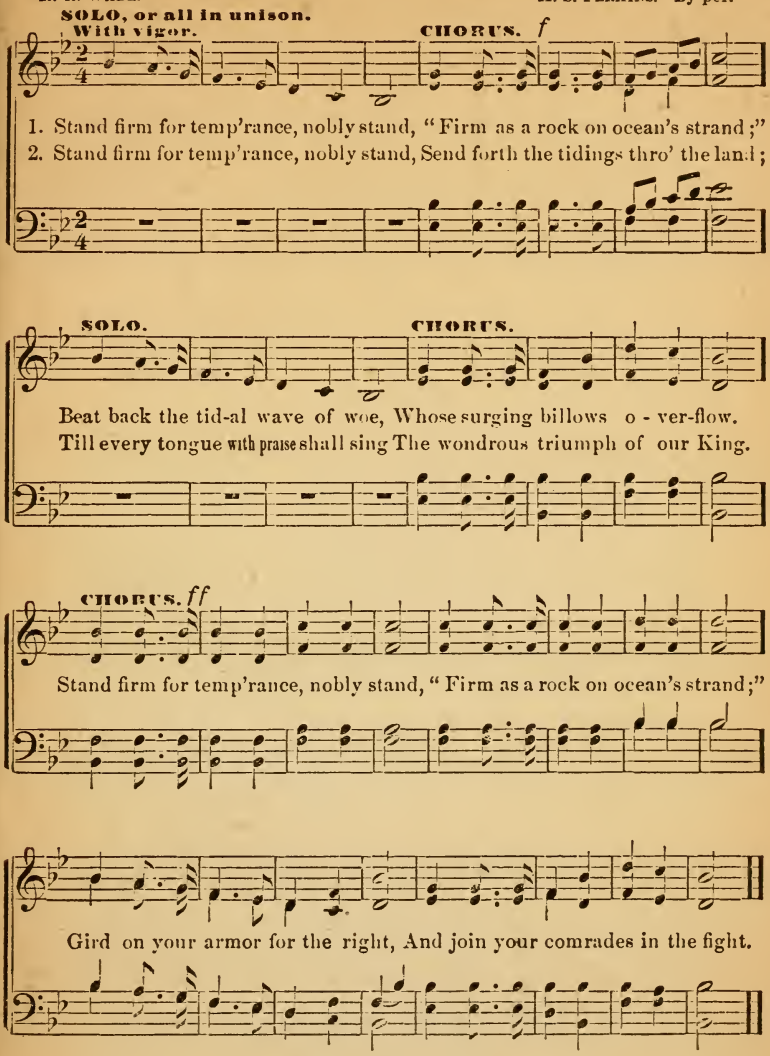


1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,



Sowing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e - ter-nal shame;



Oh, what shall the harvest be? Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be? Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be? Oh, what shall the harvest be?

What shall the Harvest be? Concluded.

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Sown in the darkness, etc.

No. 54. Stand Firm for Temperance.

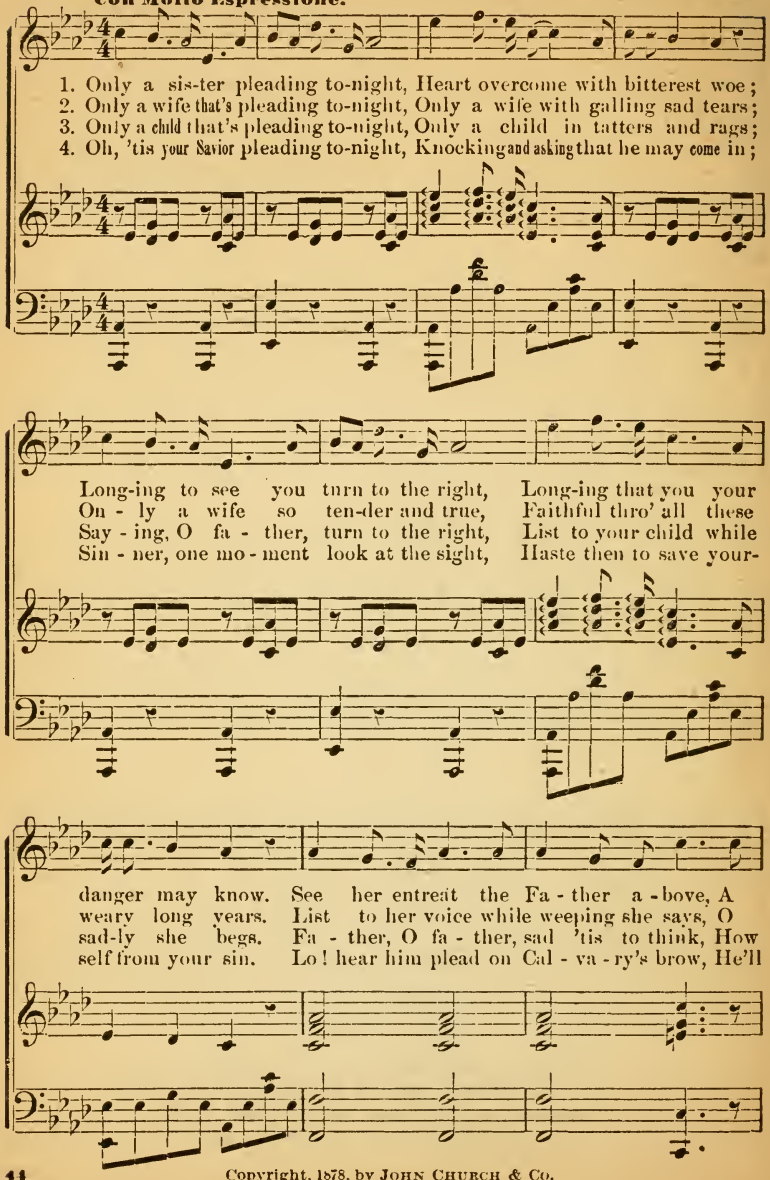
R. R. WADE. H. S. PERKINS. By per.

3 Stand firm for temp'rance, nobly stand,
Our cause is just—in God we trust;
Come sign the pledge, and join our band,
And drive our foe from out the land. *Cho.*

No. 55. Only a Child.

[*To Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Noble, ("Happy Tom Noble,") of Wheeling, West Virginia.*]

J. M. D. J. MERRITTE DRIVER.

Con Molto Espressione.



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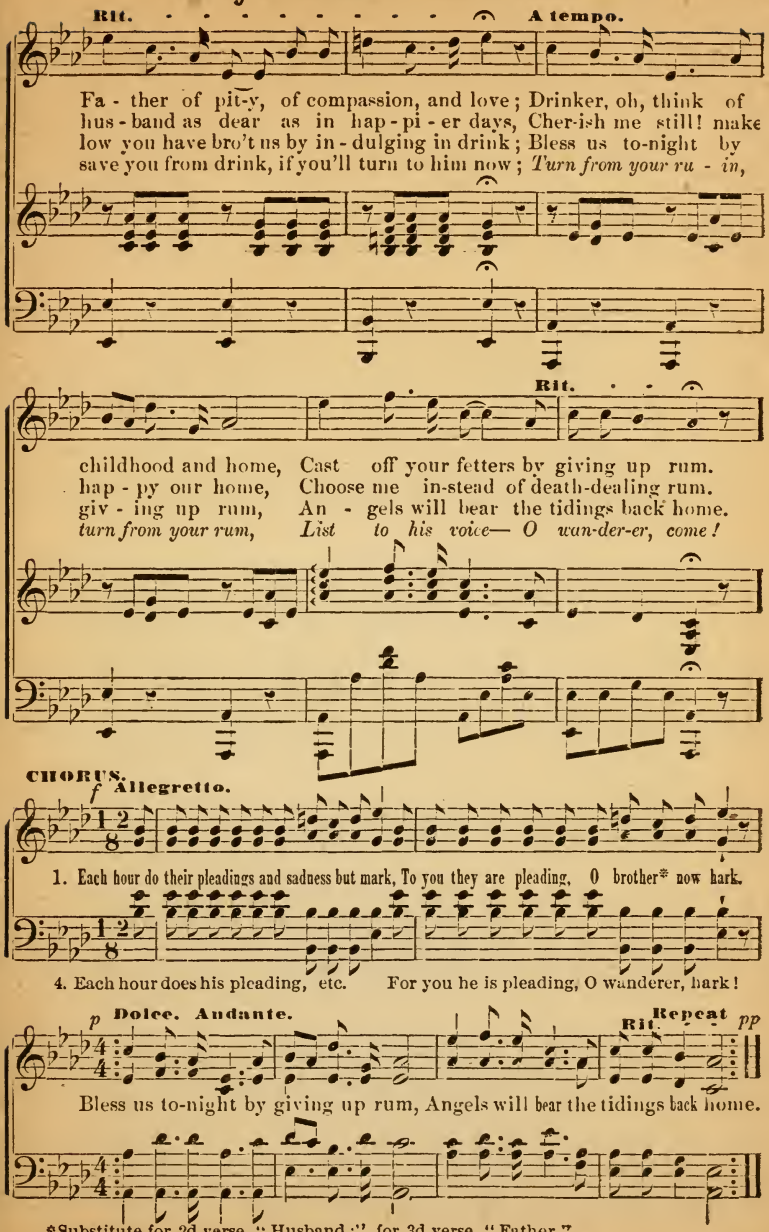
Only a Child. Concluded.



*Substitute for 2d verse, "Husband;" for 3d verse, "Father."

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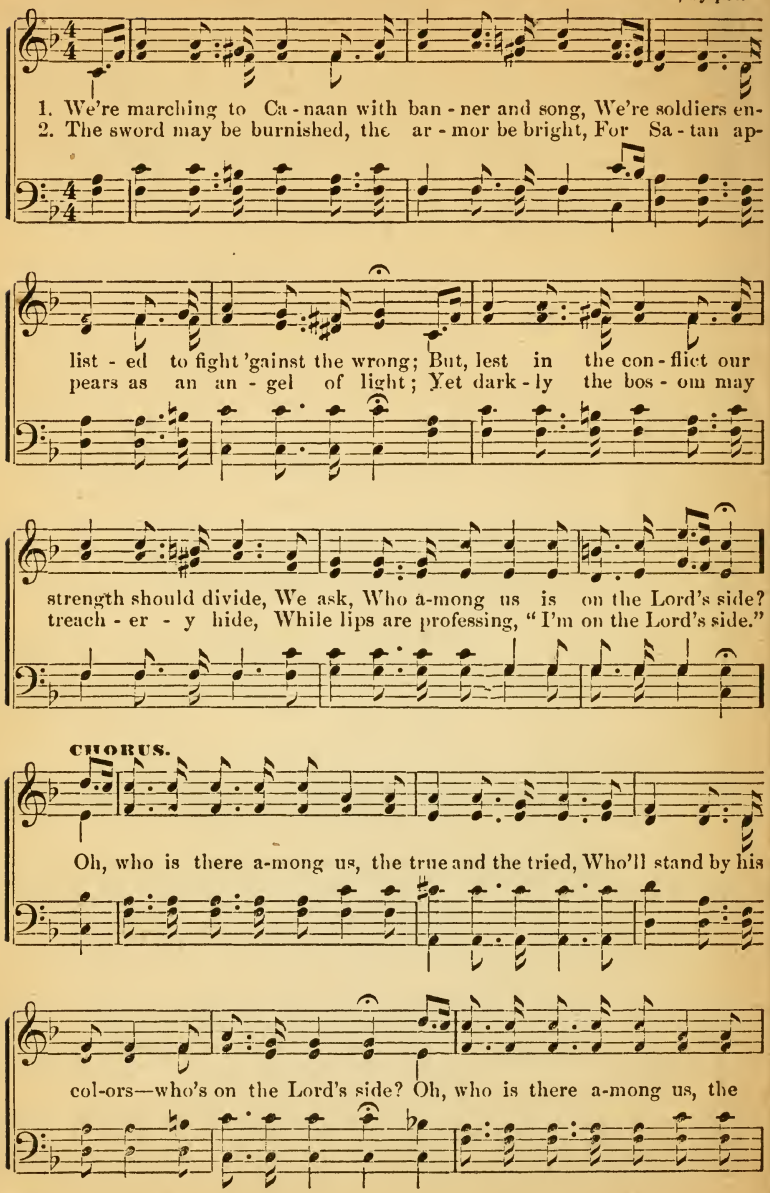
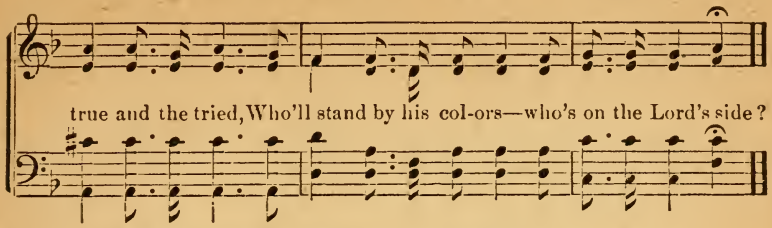
No. 56. Who's on the Lord's Side?

PAULINA. "Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 32: 26. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Who's on the Lord's Side? Concluded.



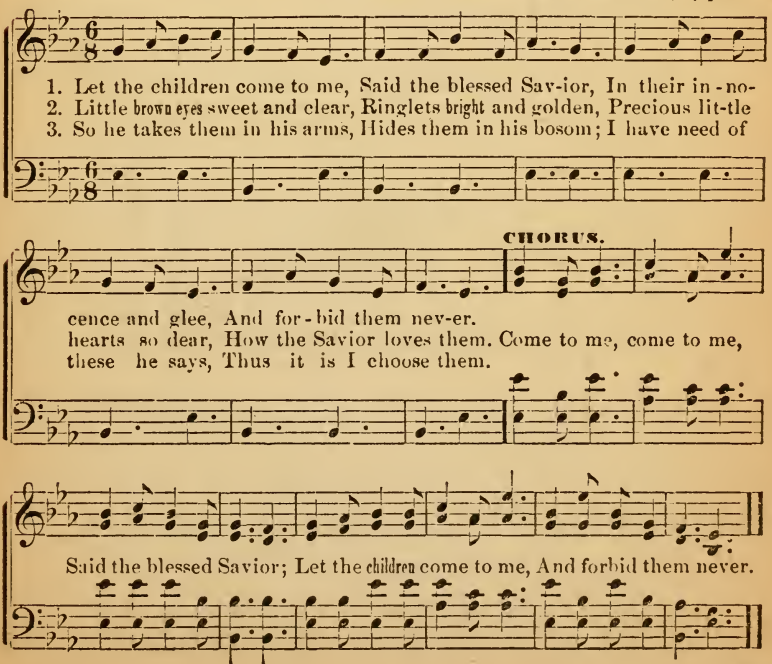
3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh, bring to him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh, haste while he's waiting and seek the Lord's side. *Cho.*

4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain, and the wrong,
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, "*I'm on the Lord's side!*" *Cho.*

No. 57. Let the Children Come to Me.

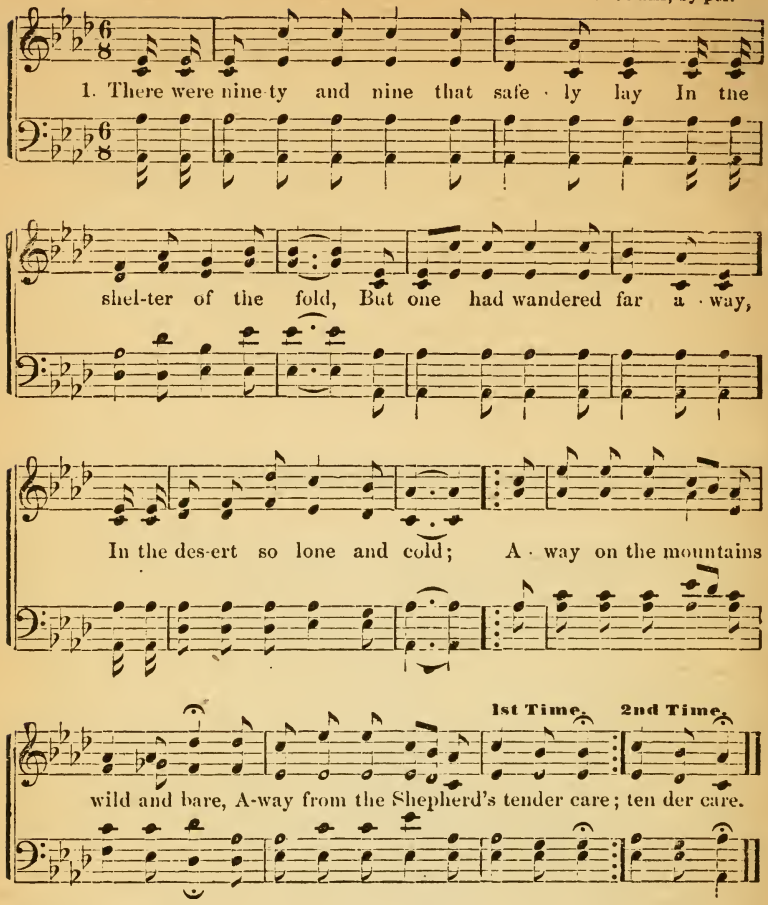
"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me."—MATT. 19: 14.

M. M. J. MARK M. JONES, by per.



No. 58. The Ninety and Nine.

P. P. Bliss, by per.



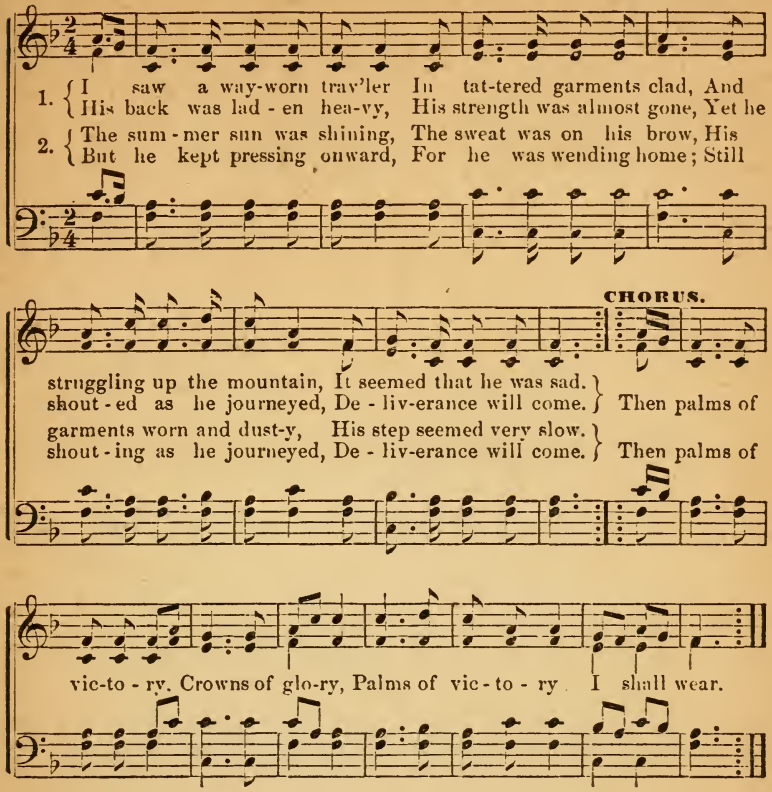
2 Shepherd, hast thou not here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?
But the Shepherd replied, "This one of mine,
Has wandered away from me;
The way may be wild and rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed through
Ere he found the sheep that was lost.
Away in the desert he heard its cry,
So feeble and helpless and ready to die.

4 And afar up the mountain, thunder riven,
And along the rocky steep,
There arose the glad song of joy to heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

No. 59. Deliverance Will Come.

REV. W. McDONALD. By per.



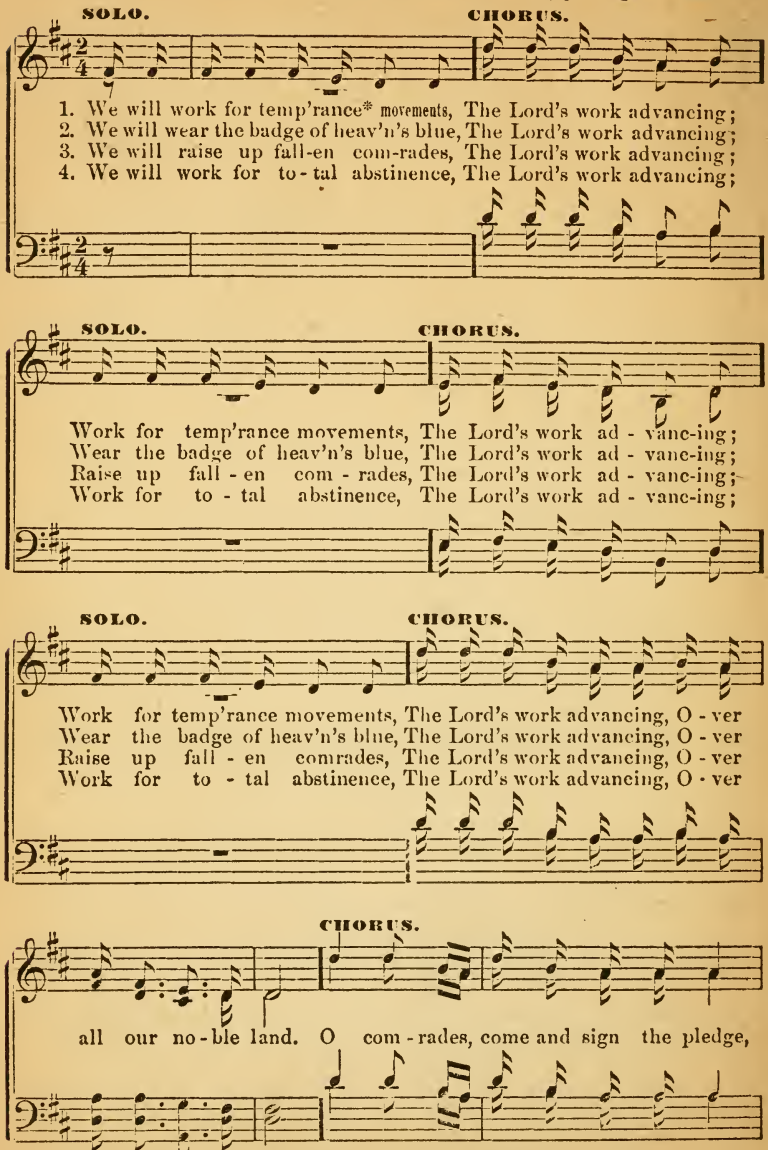
3 The songsters in the arbor
That grew beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay;
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come. *Cho.*

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
Had overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud hosannah!
Deliverance will come. *Cho.*

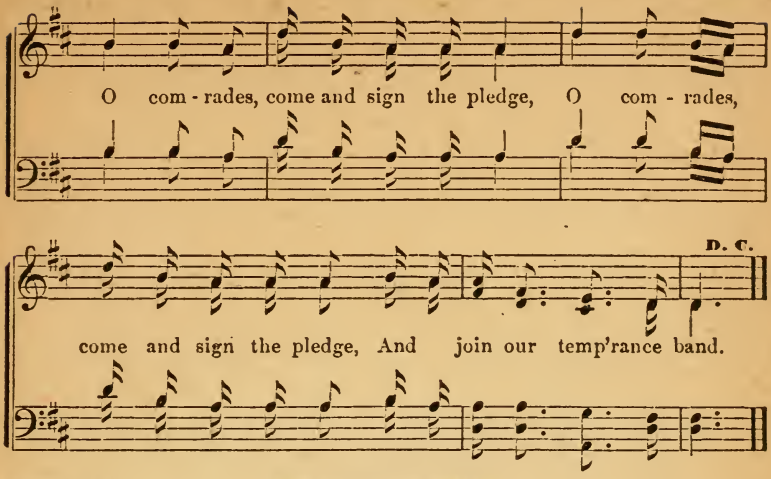
5 While gazing on that city
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come. *Cho.*

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore;
Then casting his eyes backward,
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud hosannah!
Deliverance has come. *Cho.*

No. 60. We'll Work for Temp'rance Movements.

Words arr. AIR.—*Gwine to ride, etc.* By per. Biglow & Main.

*The word "Reynolds" or "Murphy" may be used instead.

We'll Work for Temp'rance, etc. Concluded.



No. 61.

Ring the Bells of Heaven.

1 Drop a glad thanksgiving from your lips to-night,
For the chain that fettered you is riven;
Bid the shining angels, hovering in sight,
Carry back the joyful news to heaven.

CHORUS.—Rise, my brother! take an upward start!
Wear the Ribbon right above your heart;
As we rally round you, take the pledge and sign,
"Abstinence from Whisky, Rum, and Wine."

2 Throw the portals open—light the distant track—
For the sheep returning from the wold,
Caught by snare and pitfall—helpless to come back,
Shepherds found and bore them to our fold. *Cho.*

3 Join our loudest praises—triumphs should begin
When repentant wanderers return;
Prodigals grown weary of the paths of sin
Must be taught the tempting cup to spurn. *Cho.*

KATE HARRINGTON.

No. 62.

New Sweet By and By.

1 There's a hope that is richer by far
Than jewels or gold from the mine;
'Tis the promise that, vile tho' we are,
We may merit his pardon divine.

CHORUS.

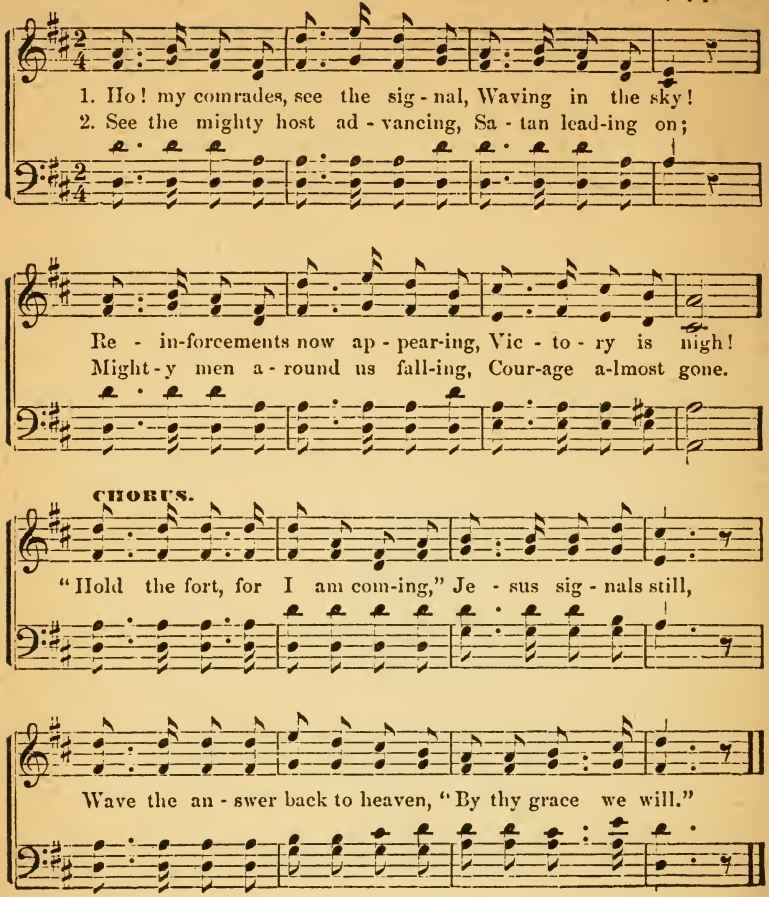
In the sweet by and by,
Where sin nor its shadow may come,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet in that beautiful home.

2 'Tis like Gilead's balm to the soul
Of the wretched despised and oppressed,
The thought that we bid them enroll
Their names with the purest and best. *Cho.*

3 There is only one Father above,
And all are his children below;
The gifts of his pardon and love
Are free to the high and the low. *Cho.*

KATE HARRINGTON.

No. 63. Hold the Fort.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, by per.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.
"Hold the fort," etc.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
"Hold the fort," etc.

No. 64. Courage.

TUNE.—*Hold the Fort.*

1 Loose the life-boat—set it bounding
O'er the foaming wave,
To yon wrecks of manhood trembling
O'er a yawning grave.

CHORUS.

Grasp the shrouds, O, sinking brothers,
Ere your footholds slip;
Courage, now, and we will bear you
To our temperance ship.

2 Though the night be dark and starless
Do not start nor shrink;
Kindly hands are stretched to snatch you
From the fearful brink.—CHO.

3 And, though hungry waves have swallowed,
All your hoarded dross,
If your precious souls are rescued,
Never mourn your loss.—CHO.

4 Once aboard our noble vessel,
Pledged to purpose true,
We will urge, encourage, aid you,
Till you start anew.—CHO.

KATE HARRINGTON,

No. 65. Firmly Stand.

TUNE.—*Hold the Fort.*

1 Welcome, comrades, glad we greet you,
In our temperance throng;
Now, let all, with hearts and voices,
Raise the joyous song.

CHORUS.

Firmly stand for truth and temperance,
Each be faithful still;
Hear the answer loudly ringing,
By God's grace we will.

2 Men and women, youth and maidens,
March against the foe,
With the strength of Christ invested,
Praying as you go.—CHO.

3 Many foes are pressing round us,
Earth and hell unite;
Fear them not, be true and steadfast.
God will aid the right.—CHO.

4 Fiercely now the conflict rages,
Long the strife may be;
But a glorious day draws nearer—
Day of victory!—CHO.

5 On, then, comrades, ever onward,
No such word as fail;
Rest not till the foe be vanquished,
And the right prevail.—CHO.

No. 66. Take your Stand.

TUNE.—*Hold the Fort.*

1 Hear the glorious anthem swelling,
From the hearts so true and brave;
Many noble men are striving
Fallen ones to save.

CHORUS.

Join the army, push the contest,
Aid the noble band;
Till the demon rum is vanquished,
Driven from the land.

2 Many dying victims call you,
Lend to them a helping hand;
From the rolling sea of anguish
Bring them safe to land.—CHO.

3 Fierce and many great temptations
Come to them on every hand;
Blame not those who may have fallen,
Help them firm to stand.—CHO.

4 Now the ranks of vice are breaking,
They are falling thick and fast;
Persevere a little longer,
Vict'ry's yours at last.—CHO.

EMMA BELL.

No. 67. Come up and Sign!

TUNE.—*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.*

1 We have gathered here to-night,
We have dared to do the right!
For our hearts are brave and we will stand the storm:
We will drive away despair,
And the ribbon we will wear,
And we'll help our fallen brothers to reform.

CHORUS.

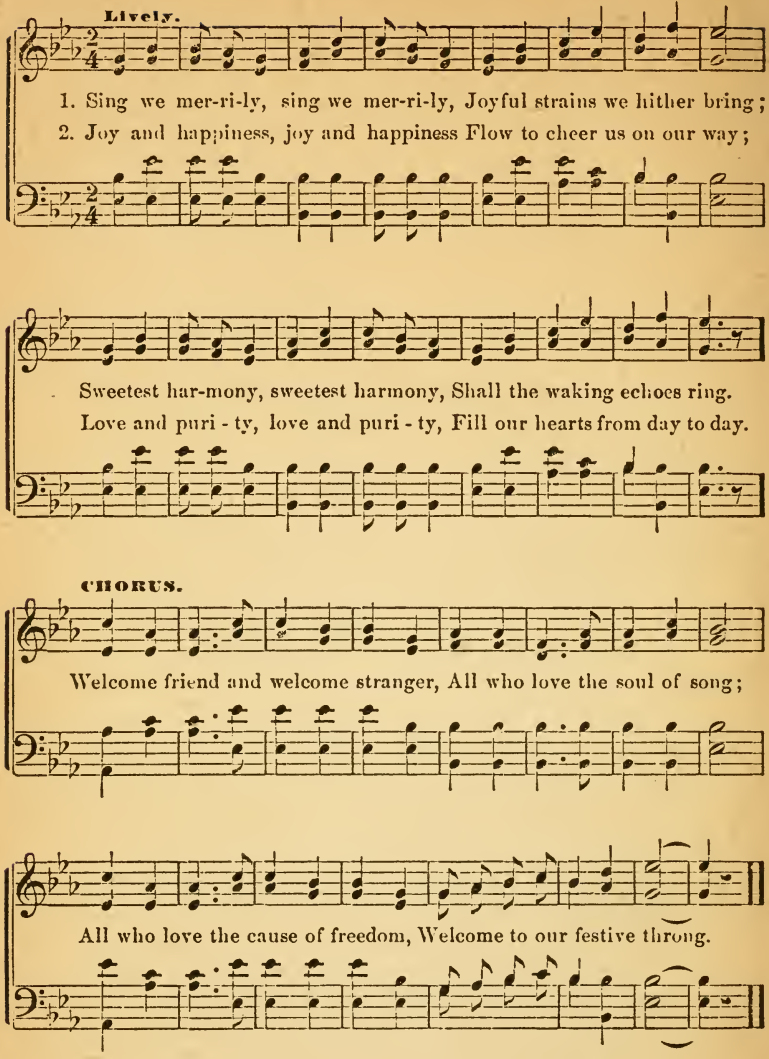
Come, come, come and join our order,
Come up boldly now and sign,
Come and dare to do the right,
It will make your pathway bright;
God will keep you with his grace and love divine.

2 Do not say "another time,"
For to wait is almost crime;
Come and show your colors boldly in our hall!
All your friends will give you praise,
And you know the Bible says
We should love our fellow beings first of all.—CHO.

3 And the little children too,
Let them come and wear the blue—
For their little hearts are with us in our work;
Let them come and take their stand,
And throughout the beauteous land,
Demon Alcohol no more will dare to lurk.

FRANK M. GILBERT.

No. 68. Sing We Merrily.

W. Hoyle. J Merritte Driver.

3 Homes are beautiful, homes are beautiful,
Children sing and children play;
Earth seems lovelier, earth seems lovelier,
Where true temp'rance holds her sway. *Cho.*

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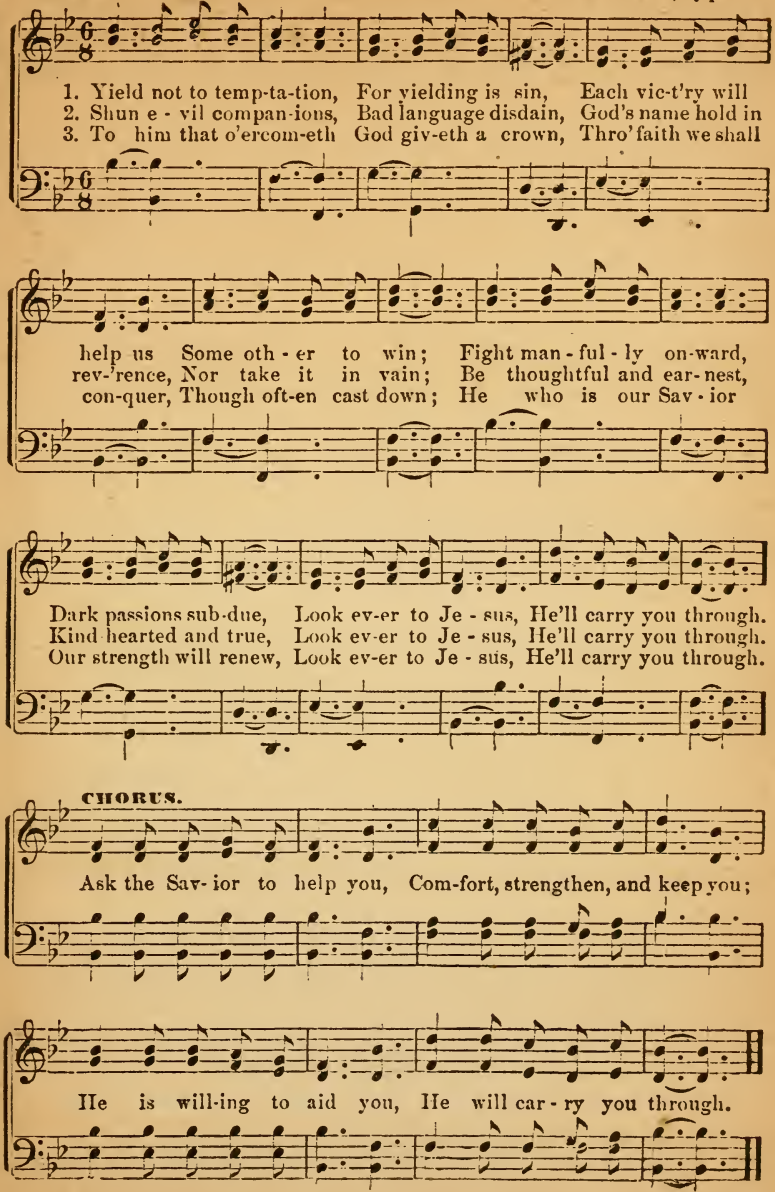
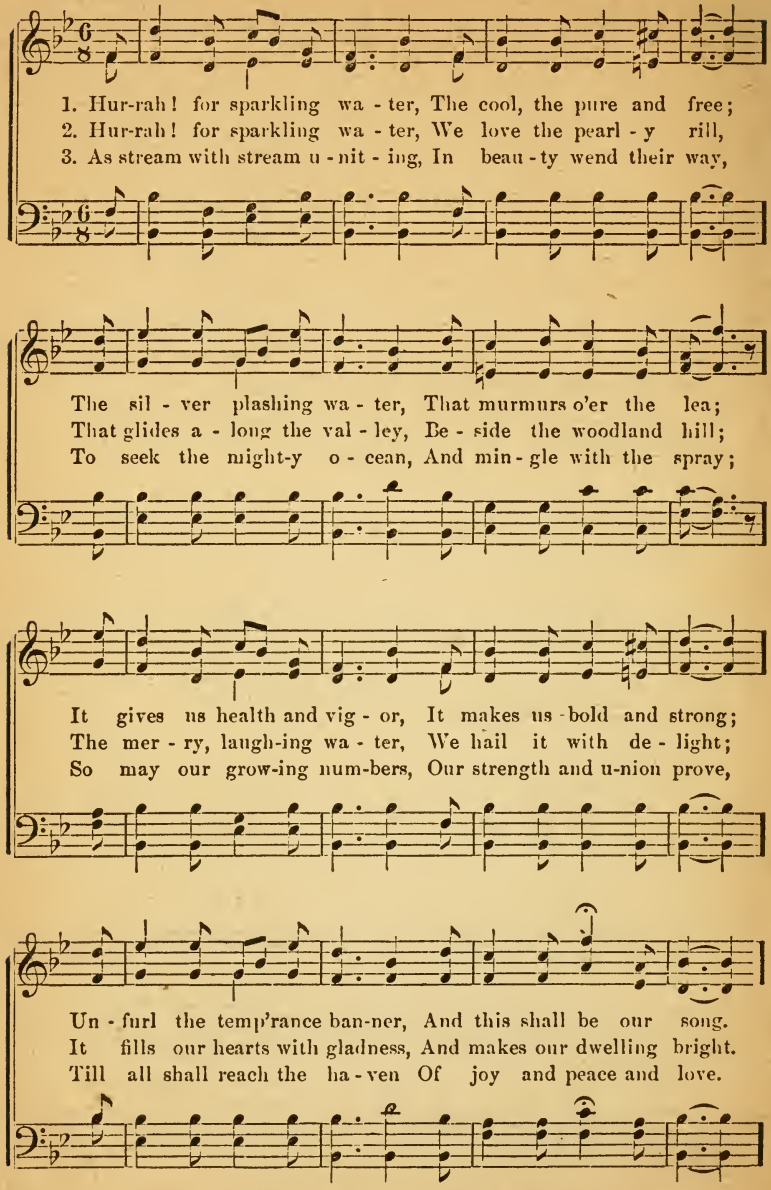
No. 69. Yield not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER, by per.

No. 70. Hurrah! for Sparkling Water.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. MERRITTE DRIVER.



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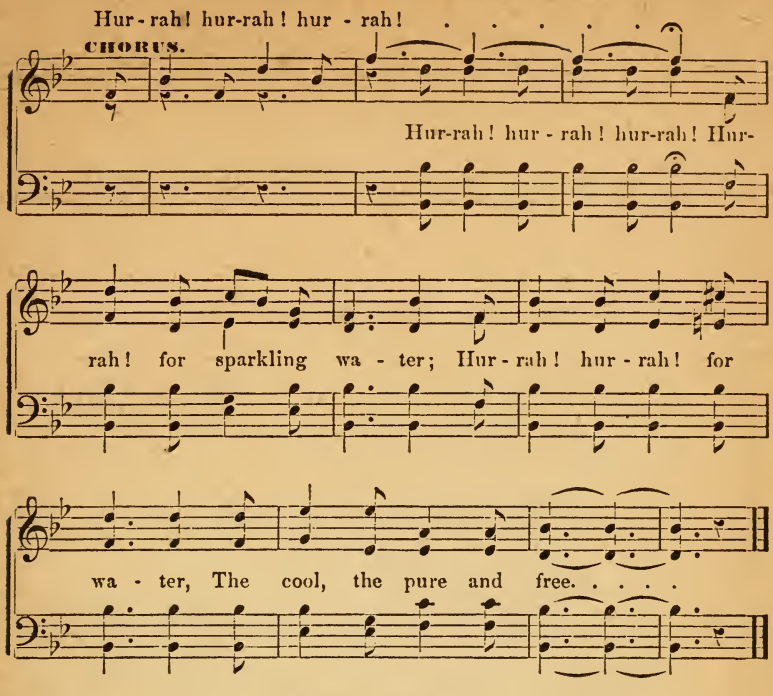
Hurrah! for Sparkling Water. Concluded.



No. 71.

Pardon, to-night, Mother.

TUNE.—*Rock me to Sleep, Mother.*

1 Mother, dear mother, if friends may draw near,
When souls are pardoned, I feel you are here,
Hovering o'er me on pinions of white,
Clasping the hand of your darling to-night;
Tenderly pressing your lips to my brow,
Making their baptism the seal of my vow,
Only to find me a wreck and a blight,
Pleading for pardon—for pardon to-night.

2 Was it your spirit imploring with mine,
Fondly persuading, impelled me to sign?
Did you glide softly in rapturous joy,
Close to the heart of your penitent boy?
Pillow his head where so oft it had lain,
Urge him, with kisses and tears, to refrain,
Only to find him a wreck and a blight,
Pleading for pardon—for pardon to-night?

3 Often, when haunting the by-ways of sin,
Mother, your sweet angel-voice floated in;
Earnest beseeching, yet gentle its tone,
Breathing the prayer that my childhood had known:
"Lead him not into temptation," you cried,
Just as you did when I knelt by your side;
Yet you have found me a wreck and a blight,
Pleading for pardon—for pardon to-night.

KATE HARRINGTON.

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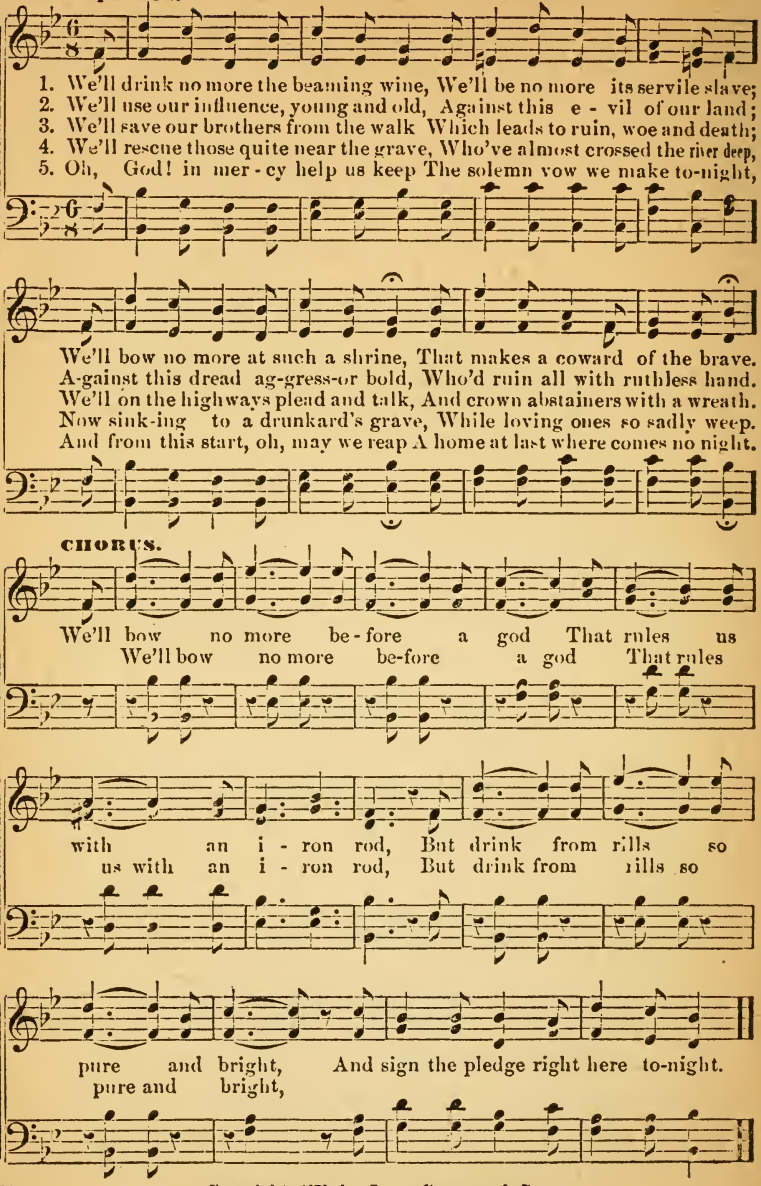
No. 72. We'll Drink No More.

J. M. D. J. MERRITTE DRIVER.

Spirited.



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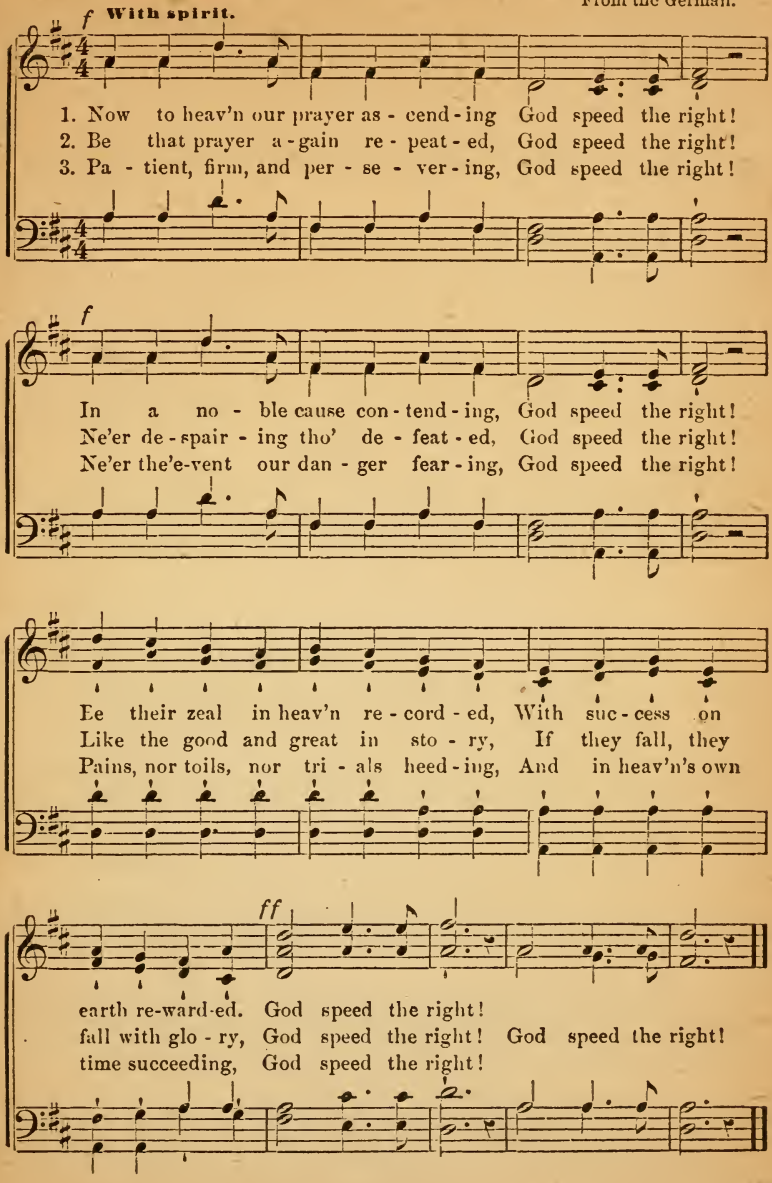
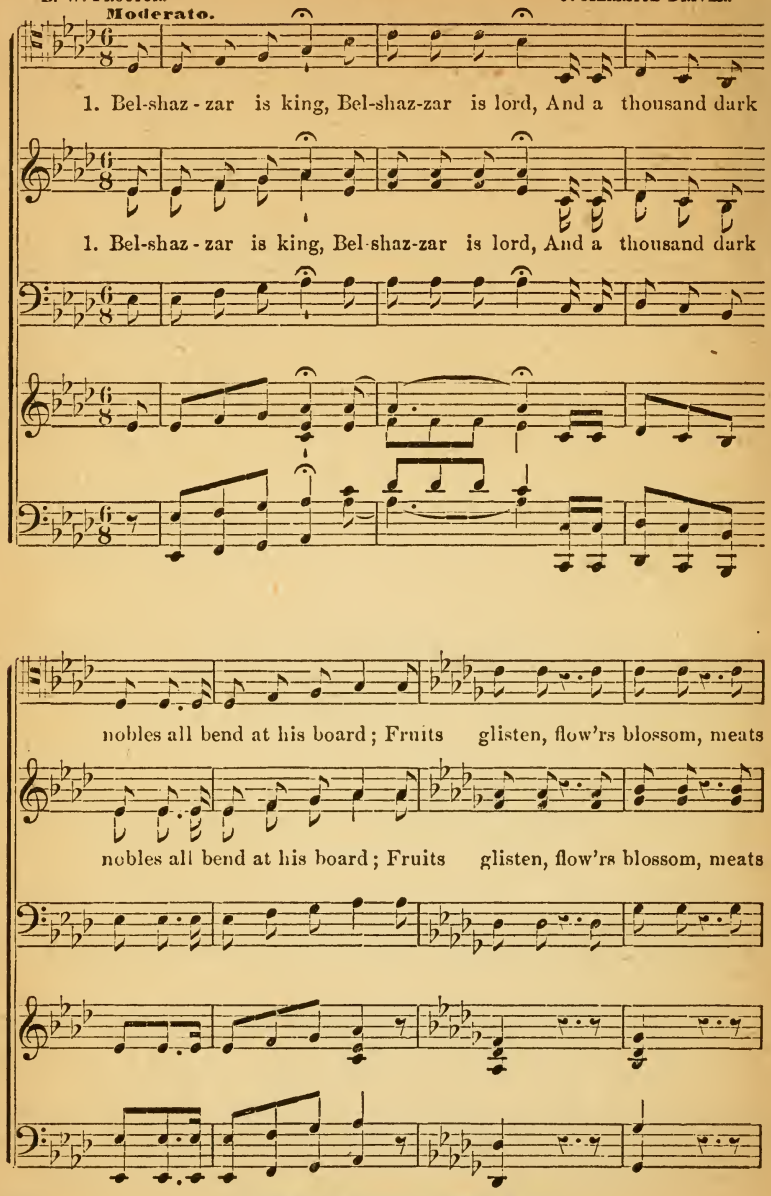
No. 73. God Speed the Right.

"And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."

From the German.

No. 74. Belshazzar's Feast.

B. W. Proctor. J. Merritte Driver.

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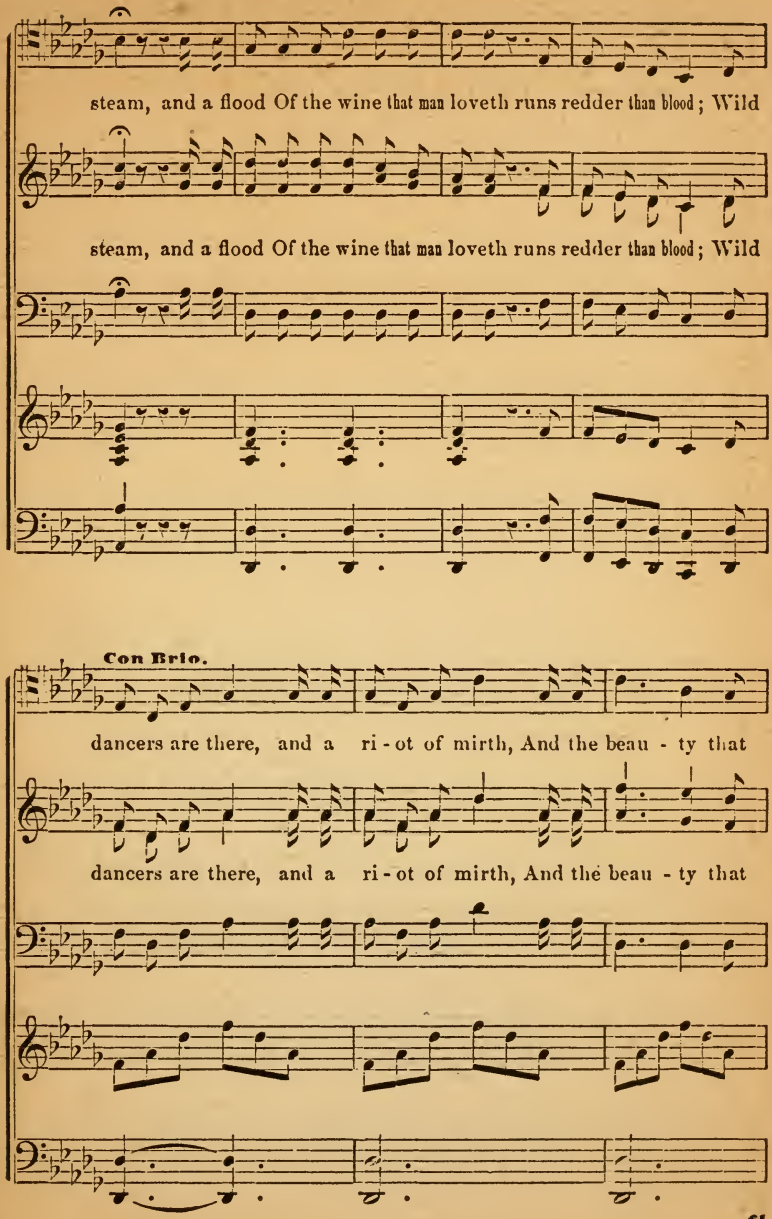
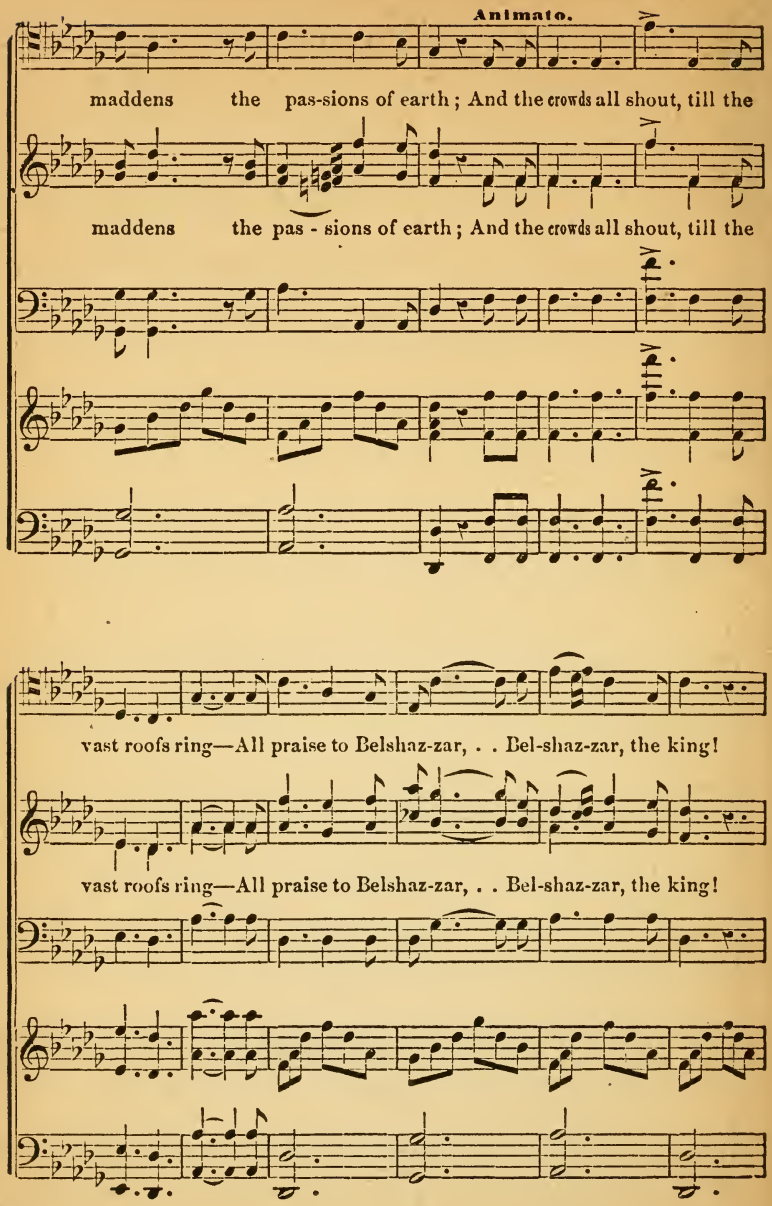
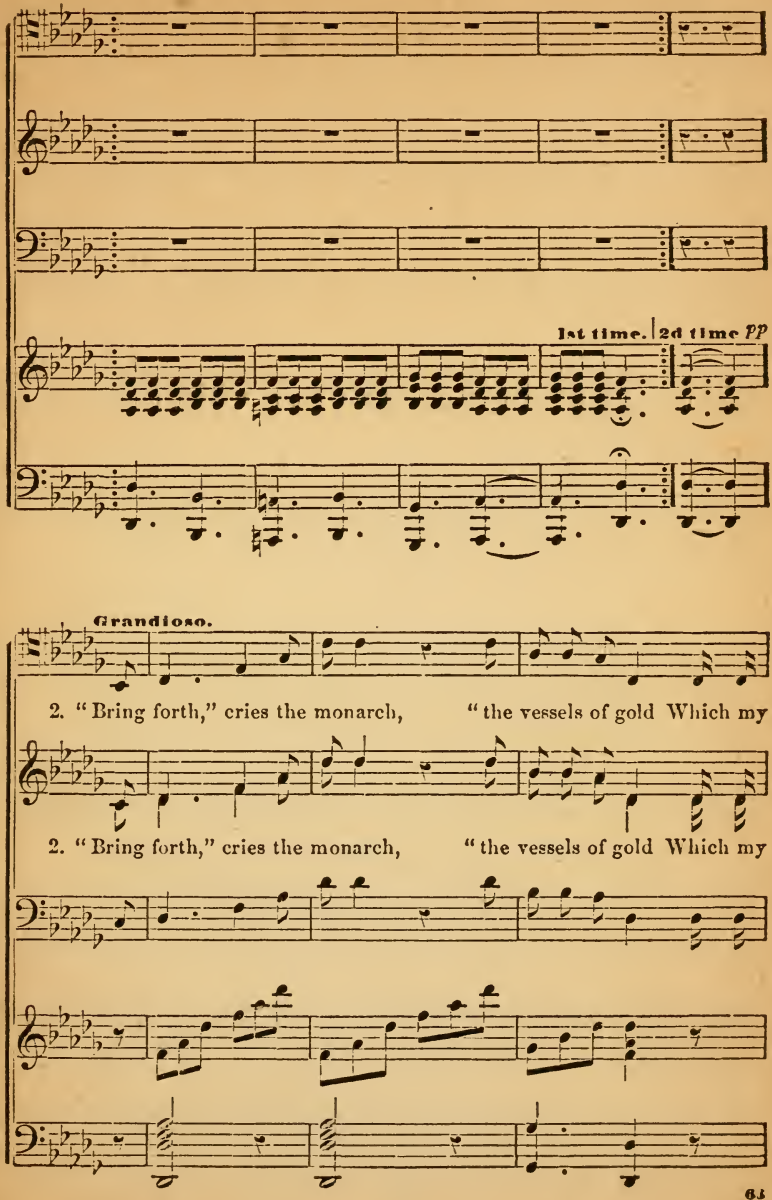
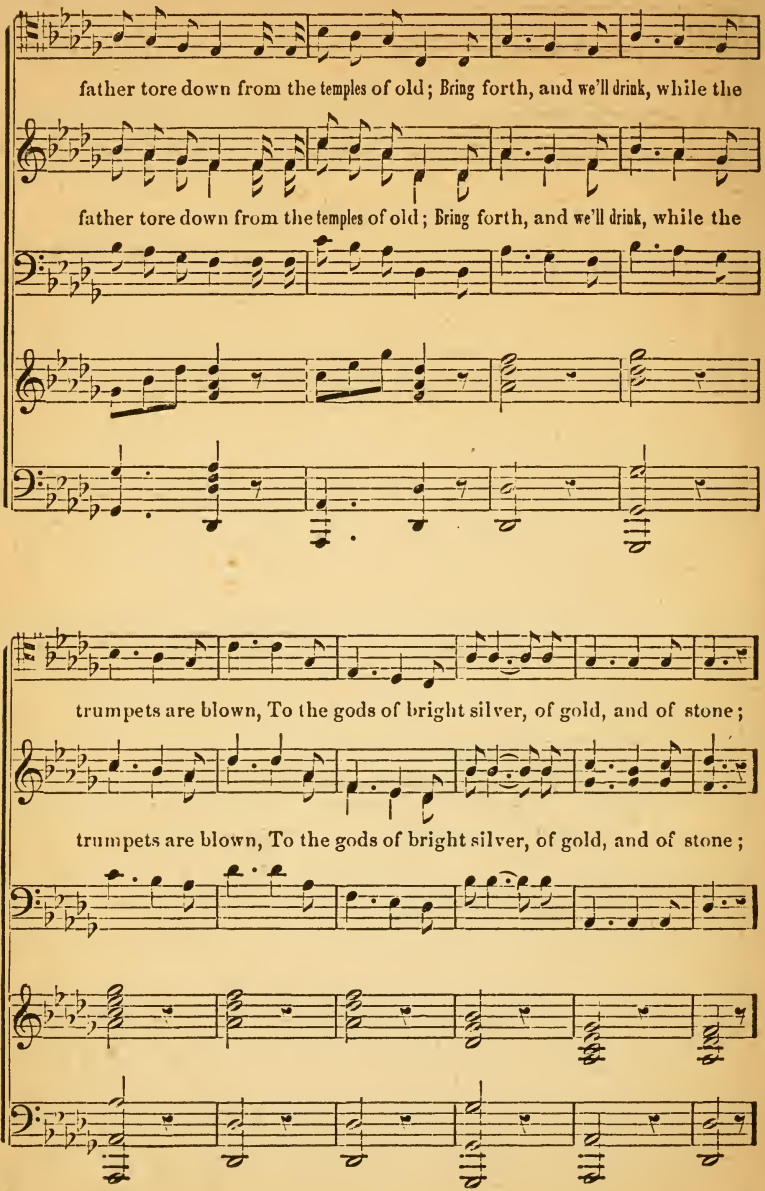
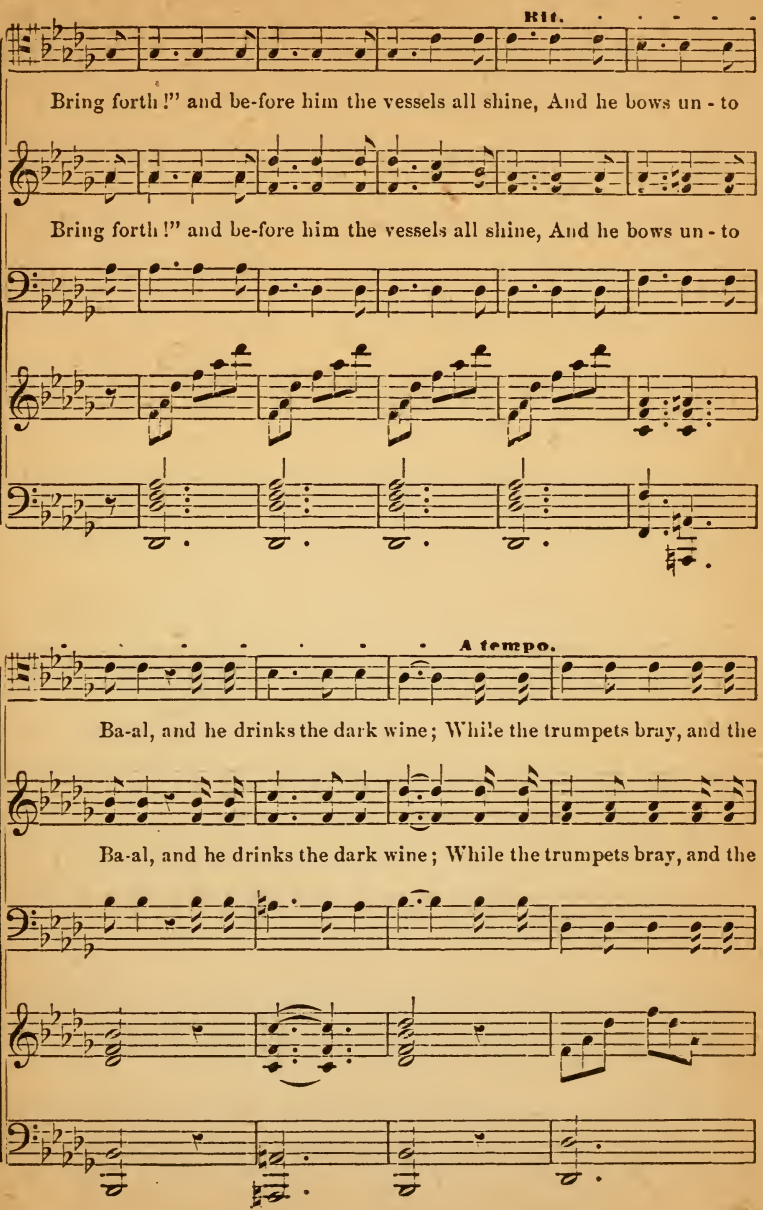
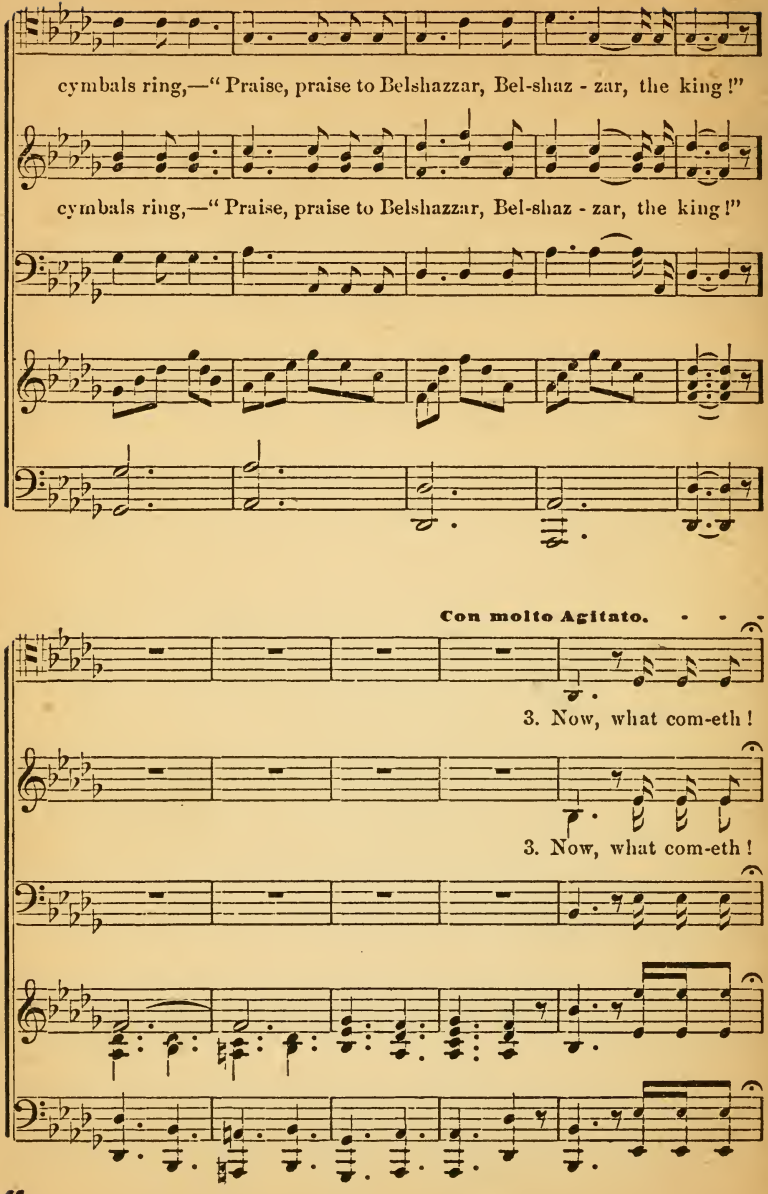

steam, and a flood Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood; Wild
steam, and a flood Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood; Wild
Con Brio.
dancers are there, and a ri-ot of mirth, And the beau-ty that
dancers are there, and a ri-ot of mirth, And the beau-ty that

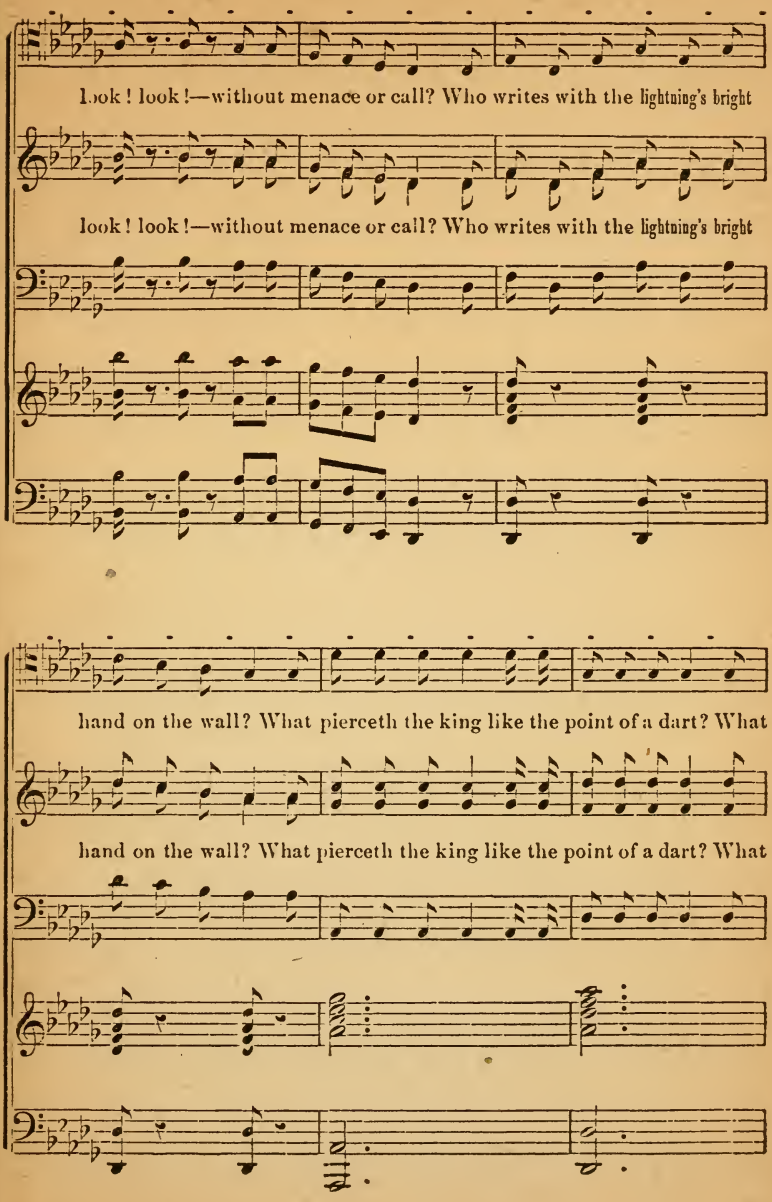

Animato.
maddens the pas-sions of earth; And the crowds all shout, till the
maddens the pas - sions of earth; And the crowds all shout, till the
vast roofs ring—All praise to Belshaz-zar, . . Bel-shaz-zar, the king!
vast roofs ring—All praise to Belshaz-zar, . . Bel-shaz-zar, the king!


1st time.
2d time
pp
Grandioso.
2. "Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold Which my
2. "Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold Which my

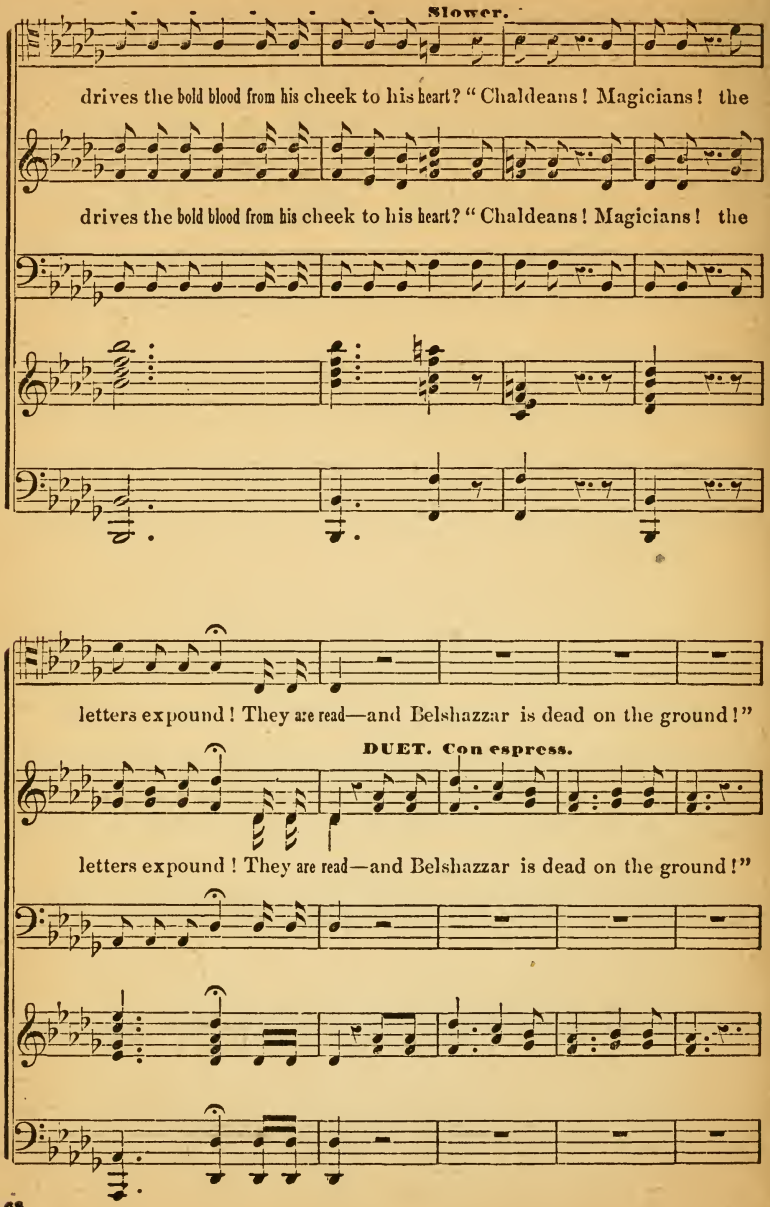
Belshazzar's Feast. Continued.



Belshazzar's Feast. Continued.

cymbals ring,—"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Bel-shaz - zar, the king!"
cymbals ring,—"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Bel-shaz - zar, the king!"
Con molto Agitato.
3. Now, what com-eth!
3. Now, what com-eth!


look! look!—without menace or call? Who writes with the lightning's bright
look! look!—without menace or call? Who writes with the lightning's bright
hand on the wall? What pierceth the king like the point of a dart? What
hand on the wall? What pierceth the king like the point of a dart? What

Belshazzar's Feast. Continued.



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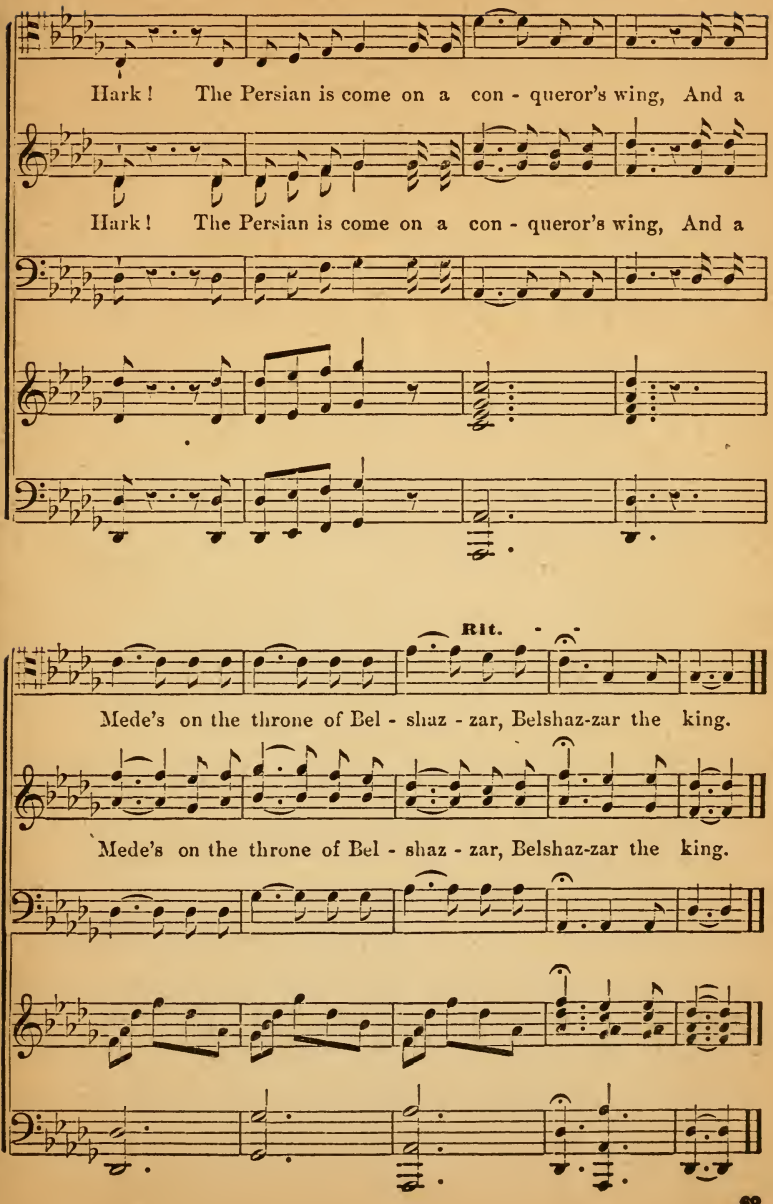
INDEX.

Titles in Small Caps; first lines in Roman.

	No.
A GLORIOUS DAY	44
All hail the temperance morning	8
ALMOST PERSUADED	42
AMERICA	25
AULD ACQUAINTANCE	13
BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST	74
Be thou O God, exalted high	24
Brother, hast thou wandered	48
CAN I E'ER DRINK AGAIN	22
COLD WATER IS OUR MOTTO	6
COLD WATER ARMY	14
COME, FRIENDS AND BRETHREN	12
COME UP AND SIGN	67
Come swell the ranks	6
COURAGE	64
CRUSADERS' BATTLE HYMN	31
DELIVERANCE WILL COME	59
DO I REFUSE	18
DON'T STAY LATE TO-NIGHT	19
DOXOLOGY	24
Drop a glad thanksgiving	61
FATHER'S A DRUNKARD	28
Fill the ranks with soldiers	29
FIRMLY STAND	65
FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE	39
From brightest crystal fountains	21
GLORIOUS NEWS	46
GOD SPEED THE RIGHT	73
GOD HELP THEE NOW	2
HARK, THE VOICE	50
Hear, the glorious anthem	66
Heavenly Father, give thy blessing	23
HOLD THE FORT	63
HO, SOUND THE TOCSIN	1
HOW CAN YOU DRINK	16
How tenderly Jesus loves	11
Hurrah, for sparkling water	70
I have drank the social glass	15
INVOCATION	26
I saw a way-worn trav'ler	59
JESUS LOVED ME	3
Let the children come	57
Let us gather in the children	41
Look at your loved ones, my brother	33
Loose the life-boat	64
MARCHING ALONG	37
MISSIONARY HYMN	20
Mother, dear mother, if friends	71
My country, 'tis of thee	25
My country, 'tis for thee	27
Nay, touch it not	2
New Sweet by and by	62
Now, to heaven our prayer	73
Oh, have you heard the glorious	46
OH, HOW SWEET 'TIS TO TOIL	40
Oh, patiently we 've waited	20
ONLY A CHILD	55
Out in the gloomy night	28
PARDON, TO-NIGHT, MOTHER	71
PARTING BLESSING	23
Pure thro' the veins	35
RALLY, LET US RALLY	30
RALLY ROUND THE BANNER	52
Rescue the drunkard	45
RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN	61
SAY, BROTHERS	32
SAVE THE CHILDREN	41
See the temperance banner	34
Should auld acquaintance	13
SING WE MERRILY	68
SOMETHING TO DO	17
Sowing the seed in the daylight	53
STAIN NOT THE LIPS	51
STAND FIRM FOR TEMPERANCE	54
STAND UP FOR TEMPERANCE	7
TAKE YOUR STAND	6
TEMPERANCE HYMN	21
TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG	29
TEMPERANCE STAR	8
The army of temperance	37
THE BADGE OF BLUE	10
THE BATTLE-CRY OF TEMPERANCE	38
THE CALL OF THE LOVED ONES	33
The gospel blue	10
The hearth of home	19
The light of truth is breaking	31
The morning light is breaking	4
THE NINETY AND NINE	58
THE PLEDGE FOR ALL	27
THE PRODIGAL INVITED	49
THE RED-RIBBON ARMY	9
THE RIGHT SHALL PREVAIL	43
THE TAINTED CUP	35
THE TEMPERANCE BANNER	34
THE TEMPERANCE BAND	5
THE TEMPERANCE WAVE	47
The wave is rolling far and wide	51
There's a hope that is richer by far	62
There is dawning a glorious day	44
THIS LOVE SO FREE	11
TOUCH NOT THE CUP	36
Unfurl the temperance banner	5
Wandering in paths of folly	3
WEBB	4
We come, great God, to thee	26
We come, dear friends, to proffer	9
We have gathered here	67
Welcome, comrades,	65
WE'LL GIVE UP THE SOCIAL DRINK	15
WE'LL WORK FOR TEMPERANCE	60
WE'LL DRINK NO MORE	72
We're marching to Canaan	56
We will rally in our might	38
WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE	53
When my little weeping child	22
When the right over wrong	43
WHO HATH SORROW	48
WHO'S ON THE LORD'S SIDE	59
With banner and badge	14
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION	66

DATE DUE

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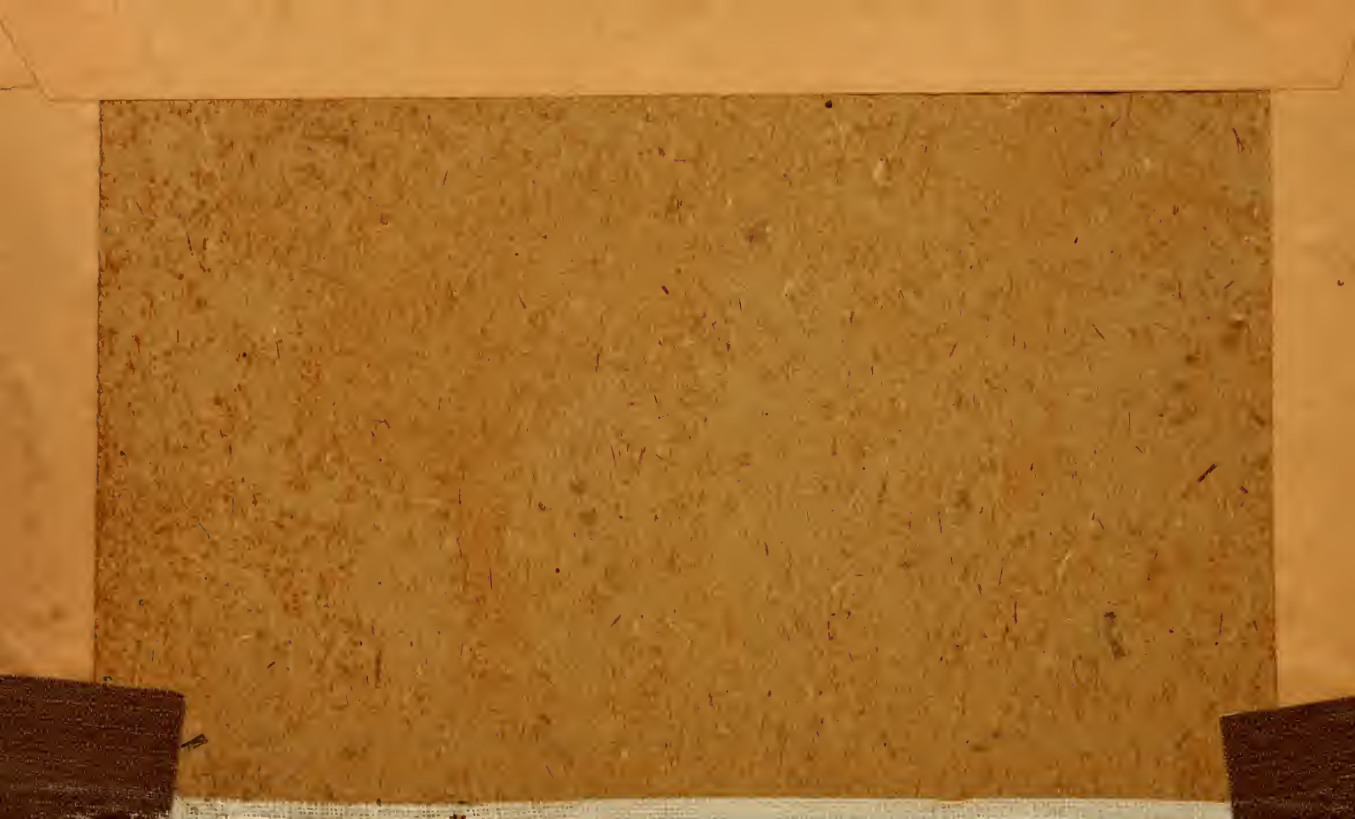

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